

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



No. 18.—VOL. I.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1856.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

THE NICARAGUAN QUESTION—OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

GENERAL WALKER is a fortunate man. Like all bold and adven-

turous spirits, he is as much favored by circumstances as he is assisted by his own energy and decision of character. No conjecture could be more propitious than the present to the career which

he has chalked out for himself. He has the good luck to be pitted in almost every instance, against opponents who have neither political ability nor steadiness of purpose. It is no wonder, then,



EDWARD EVERETT—AMBROTTED BY BRADY.

that the success of the measures that he has originated since he succeeded in establishing himself in Nicaragua should concentrate attention upon his movements. Those who looked upon him merely as a daring guerrilla are now disposed to give him credit for talents of a higher order. No man, in fact, has ever, in the course of a few short months, so entirely changed the tone of public opinion respecting him. The profit to which he turned the ridiculous blunders of General Pierce; the prompt and felicitous manner in which he cut the knot of the Mosquito protectorate difficulty, and the off-hand style in which he squared accounts with the Transit Company, all show that he is eminently fitted for the mission that he has undertaken. Whether the object that he is aiming at be, as his partisans contend, the regeneration of Central America, or a purely selfish one, it seems as if Providence was directing a concurrence of circumstances in his favor.

It has long been evident from the hesitation and inconsistency of its conduct towards Walker that our Cabinet has become conscious of the capital error which it committed in refusing to recognise his government. We were amongst the first to point out that both in regard to our established policy and our interests, it was incumbent upon us to extend the hand of friendship to Nicaragua. No rule of international law is more clearly understood and acted upon than that of according to *de facto* governments the rights and courtesies due to authority constituted by the popular will. Even the effete European governments, with their arbitrary constructions of precedents, find it necessary to adhere to this principle. How much the more obligatory was it, then, upon our government, an emanation of and creature of popular institutions, to do no act which might serve as a pretext for invading it. There was no shadow of a circumstance in the Nicaraguan case which removed it out of the ordinary rule. There was no appearance of opposition on the part of the Nicaraguan people to the new order of things—there was not even a relief of its former government or institutions. Even the aristocratic party had in most instances conformed to the necessities imposed upon them by the results of their own folly and incapacity. What, in such a state of facts, could have induced General Pierce to ignore the existence of the new government, and to offer a direct personal affront to the men with whom our interests in Central America are evidently bound up, it is difficult to say, seeing that no possible advantage either to the country or to himself could accrue from it. We can only impute his conduct in this matter to the influence of some of the corrupt elements by which he is surrounded. It is well known that more than one of his most intimate advisers was deeply interested in thwarting and frustrating the plans of Walker.

Without dwelling further on mistakes which fortunately as yet have not been attended with any very serious consequences, we trust that we may look for some decisive change in a policy which is prejudicial to our best interests. Although nothing is positively known of the character of Major Heisse's mission to Granada, there are certain facts connected with it which lead to the belief that it is intended to pave the way for the establishment of friendly relations between the two governments. Major Heisse was formerly connected with General Walker in business, and is known to be a warm personal friend of his. The fact of his being selected to supersede Minister Wheeler may therefore be taken as an unmistakable evidence of the revolution which has taken place in the opinion of our cabinet as to the course to be pursued towards the Nicaraguan government. It is certain that this gentleman would not accept such a mission unless his instructions were of a very different character from those which were lately forwarded to Col. Wheeler.

General Walker has reason to congratulate himself upon the victory which he has obtained over our Cabinet. The opportunities which it has afforded him of displaying his political capacity and firmness have tended greatly to elevate him in the estimation of his countrymen. This reluctant and as it were compulsory recognition of his claims by our government will assist him materially abroad. Foreign nations will learn to think more highly of a man, who, however he may have sinned in the means by which he has raised himself to his present eminence, has at least displayed in it all the qualities which justify such an apparently excessive ambition.

That Walker is selected as the instrument of important changes in Central and perhaps Southern America, we have a strong conviction. All the circumstances attendant upon his recent acts point to that result. The moderation which he has exhibited in his dealings with the other Central States, whilst it has won for him the respect and good will of the liberal portion of their populations, has only been regarded by their rulers as a proof of weakness. The Costa Rican government, with a fatuity which will be looked upon as suicidal, has thought fit to declare war against the man who holds its fate in his hands, and whose forbearance constituted its only security. Ere many weeks elapse, Costa Rica will in all probability be annexed to Nicaragua, under the Walker Rivas sway, thereby forming the first link in the chain of a powerful Central American confederation. It is likely that this event will operate as a salutary lesson upon the other States; but if it should not, their hostility will only hasten the consummation of an object which all friends of liberty must regard as holding out the only hope of salvation for Central America.

EDWARD EVERETT.

EDWARD EVERETT was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 11th, 1794, and received his early education at the free schools of Dorchester and Boston. He entered Harvard at the age of thirteen, and took his degree in course. His commencement speech had for its topic "Literary Evils," and his Master of Arts oration "The Restoration of Greece." In 1812 he was appointed a tutor of Harvard. His original idea was to make law his profession, but while tutor he turned his attention to Divinity, and in 1813, at the early age of twenty, became minister of Brattle street church. In 1814 he was elected professor of Greek literature in Harvard College, and proceeded to

Europe, where from four to five years he employed himself in the studies of modern languages, enlarging his views by travel, and by association with distinguished men. In 1824 he made a great impression as an orator, by the delivery of his Phi Beta Kappa address on "The circumstances favorable to the progress of Literature in America." The oration closed with an eloquent address to Lafayette, who was present on the occasion. Ten years later, in 1834, at the request of the young men of Boston he delivered his admirable eulogy in memory of the departed hero, tracing his memorable career with patriotic fondness.

The occasional orations and addresses of Everett have become the permanent memorials of numerous important occasions of public interest, from 1824 to the present time. There are historical orations pronounced at Plymouth, Concord, Charlestown, Lexington, and sites of colonial and revolutionary fame; eulogies of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, J. Q. Adams; anniversary discourses on the settlements of towns; addresses at agricultural gatherings, and before mechanics' associations, and on social and philanthropic occasions. In all these the particular topic is handled with ease and dignity; there are similar traces of the scholar and the traveller; of the patriot and philosopher; with those personal reminiscences, original anecdotes, and "points," of observation interspersed, which relieve the attention of the audience, and coupled with the orator's skillful and polished delivery add so greatly to the pleasure of the hour.

In 1825 Mr. Everett took his seat in Congress as representative from Middlesex. For ten years he sat in the House of Representatives, bearing a prominent part in the debates, and for four successive years, from 1835 to 1839, was chosen Governor of Massachusetts. In the election of 1840 he lost his office by a single vote. He was appointed Minister to England in 1841, and by his learning, dignity and patriotism gave character to the office. While minister the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law was conferred upon him by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In 1846 on his return to America, he was elected President of Harvard College. In November 1852 he again entered public life, succeeding Danl. Webster as Secretary of State on the appointment of Mr. Fillmore. In 1853 he was chosen U. S. Senator, but was compelled from ill-health to resign the following year.

Mr. Everett, upon leaving the U. S. Senate, sought repose in the sweets of retirement, and not until the returning of Washington's birthday in 1856 has he, with the single exception of his great "Dorchester oration," appeared in public. At the earnest request of his fellow citizens of Boston, he consented to act as orator on the occasion, with the understanding, we believe, that it would be his last appearance before the public. The address caused a thrill of delight, and created a demand for its repetition in other cities. Mr. Everett consented, and has gratified his admirers in numbers of our large cities. He has received an ovation wherever he has been, and created by his eloquence, and just appreciation of Washington's character, a new charm to be associated with the accomplished and leading minds of this great country.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE Atlantic, which arrived here on Wednesday morning, brings news of the birth of an heir to the French throne. This interesting event took place on Sunday the 16th, at 8 o'clock in the morning. We subjoin full particulars.

Although nothing positive was known on the subject, the impression was general that the terms of peace had been definitively agreed upon, and that nothing remained to be accomplished but the necessary formalities. Orders had been sent to the Baltic directing Commodore Watson not to commence hostilities.

It appears from an official declaration of the Danish Minister, Von Scheele, that our government has consented to a prolongation of the obligations of the treaty which is to expire on the 14th of this month, for a further period of two months—that is to say, until the 14th of June next. The object of this extension is to give time for some diplomatic arrangements to be arrived at.

The relations between Austria and Sardinia, which have not been very friendly since 1848, are about to be placed on a more amicable footing, and as soon as peace is definitely concluded in Paris, an Austrian ambassador is again to be accredited to the Court of Turin.

It is affirmed that Louis Napoleon is actively intriguing in the affairs of Spain, with a view to set up a government there which will aid him in the designs which he entertains upon Cuba.

ACCOUCHEMENT OF THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

[Paris (March 15) Correspondence of the London Times.] The Empress was taken with the pains of childbirth at about 5 o'clock this morning. As soon as it became known that the accouchement was at hand due notice was sent round to the princes of the Imperial family by the Princess of Essling, Grand Mistress of the Empress's Household. The attendance was prompt. Among those of the family who were summoned to the Tuilleries was Prince Lucien Louis Bonaparte, who only arrived from London on Tuesday evening last. His Highness had met with a severe accident in his own house before leaving. A piece of marble fell where he happened to be standing, and broke the great toe of his left foot.

Aware of the approaching accouchement of the Empress, the Prince was anxious to come to Paris at all risks, but the pain he has suffered since the journey is intense. When he received notice this morning from the Palace he expressed his desire to be present, but the pain and inflammation in the foot were such that the Emperor desired he should be represented on the occasion by another Prince of the family, the son of the Prince Charles of Camille. The summons was sent round to the Ministers, the Senate, Deputies, Council of State, and the high functionaries of the Government. The Senate soon after assembled at the Luxembourg, and the Deputies in their Chamber. The Presidents of those bodies and the high functionaries of State proceeded to the Palace of the Tuilleries, to be in attendance.

The Emperor, the Princess of Essling, and Madame Montijo, the Empress's mother, have remained the whole of the day in the Empress's apartment. The dignitaries of the empire are assembled in the green drawing room, close to the Empress's chamber. In the apartments farther off are the Emperor's aides-de-camp and the officers of the household.

The first pains, it is said, were severe, but were less so some hours after, and, so far as could be known up to 4 o'clock, the Empress was going on as well as could be expected.

The following is the official notice posted up at the Bourse at a quarter past 2 o'clock, P.M.:

"Her Majesty the Empress felt the first pains of labor about 5 o'clock this morning. You shall be informed immediately of the birth of the Imperial infant."

The Municipal Council of Paris is assembled *en permanence* at the Hotel de Ville.

Numerous groups were stationed from an early hour in the Place du Carrousel, and in the gardens and terraces of the Tuilleries. Preparations are made at all the public buildings for illuminations—the first sound of the cannon of the Invalides is awaited with anxiety, and the artillerymen have been standing at their guns with matches lighted the whole of the day, expecting every moment the signal from the Tuilleries. It was reported this morning that at 2 o'clock the delivery might be expected, and again at 4; but no signal has up to the moment I write announced the event, and no fresh despatch has been published. Independently of the political importance attached to an event which makes people forget for the moment even the conferences, it cannot be denied that great interest is very generally felt and good wishes breathed for the safe delivery of the Empress.

[Paris (March 16) Correspondence of the London Times.]

You will have received, I trust, long before the hour I am now writing, the despatch which announces the event so important to the Bonaparte dynasty—the safe delivery of the Empress and the birth of a Prince. I informed you in my letter of yesterday that her Majesty began seriously to feel the pains of childbirth about five o'clock yesterday morning, when notice was sent round to the Ministers and great functionaries of State to be in attendance. She felt indisposed as early as one o'clock. Her labor, which, in the beginning, and at subsequent intervals, was very severe—so much so, I am assured, as to have required the appliances of art—continued with some periods of tranquillity for twenty-four hours, and at a quarter past three in the morning, all anxiety and danger were over, and the Empress gave birth to a male child.

The infant is described as robust, and with every appearance of health; and the mother, though necessarily weak, is, to use the formula on such occasions, "as well as can be expected under the circumstances."

At six o'clock the cannon of the Invalides announced to the city, which was but half awakened, the tidings that the imperial throne had an heir, but the fact was not generally known till about eight o'clock. In an hour or two after the birth, telegraphic despatches were sent from the Foreign office to the various diplomatic agents of France on the Continent; and the one transmitted to Dresden was received and an answer returned, with the usual congratulations in about an hour and a half. Notice was, of course, at once sent to the representatives of foreign Powers in Paris, who, in the course of the morning proceeded to the Tuilleries and left their names. Inquiries were made as to the propriety of the plenipotentiaries presenting in form their respects to-day at the palace, but it was intimated that it would be better to do so to-morrow at the same time with the members of the resident diplomatic corps. Preparations were already made at all the public establishments for illuminations and the display of drapery. Many of the houses on the boulevards are decorated with streamers. The theatres are profusely hung with them, and the flags of England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia float united at this moment of rejoicing, as they did in the long and dreary hours of suffering and danger. The various embassies have stands before them ready for lamps; and, not last nor least among them, is the well known 33 Faubourg St. Honoré, but which, I presume, will soon be no longer so; it is occupied by Count Orloff until M. Kisselef, or some other representative of the Czar returns to his quarters.

Satisfaction is generally expressed, and I believe it is sincere—*exceptis exceptis*—at the Empress's delivery; and this satisfaction is in nowise diminished

by the improvement in the health of the Emperor's uncle, Prince Jerome, who, it was feared, was about to quit this world when his little nephew was entering it. The interest I noticed yesterday, when it was known that the Empress's labor had commenced, increased as the day wore away, and as night came on, while no sound was heard from the Invalides, numerous groups of people thronged the approaches to the palace and the public thoroughfares, particularly the Boulevards; and when ten o'clock came, still the guns were silent, and no supplement to the *Moniteur* appeared, people began to feel real anxiety as to the result.

[From the Paris Patrie, March 16.]

At 1 o'clock on Saturday morning, the Empress felt the first pains, and from that moment until the hour of her delivery, on Sunday, at a quarter past three, her Majesty experienced at intervals acute sufferings, interrupted by momentary relief. During the whole of Saturday and the following night, the physicians in attendance seeing her Majesty a prey to such sufferings, believed that her delivery was at hand, when a mitigation of her pains intervened, and retarded the event so impatiently desired. The Empress then either enjoyed a little repose or walked in her room, looking with delight at the multitudes assembled in the garden in front of her windows. The Emperor encouraged and consoled her by the most tender and affectionate expressions. He told her that all the churches were crowded with the faithful, praying the Almighty for her delivery, and that all Paris was offering to heaven the most ardent wishes in her behalf. The Empress then felt her courage redouble at the idea that she was the object of such universal sympathy. Finally, this morning, a few minutes before three o'clock, the sufferings of her Majesty assumed so decided a character, that it was deemed advisable to call in the princes and grand dignitaries of the empire to witness the birth of the Imperial infant. It appears that the sight of so many persons produced an effect upon the Empress, which suspended for a moment the operations of nature. Her Majesty then experienced the most excruciating agony, which the skill of the physicians succeeded at last in allaying; and at a quarter past three o'clock the Imperial infant came into the world. The young prince is of so robust a constitution, that he is nearly as big as the child of his nurse, who is two months old. The infant remained in the apartment of his mother until the hour of mass, and after being baptized (*ondoyé*), was removed to his own apartment. Psalms were distributed to all the persons present at the Tuilleries.

The ceremony of the *ondoyement* was performed with much pomp in the chapel of the Tuilleries. Near the altar, on the Gospel side, stood Cardinals Dupont, Gousset, Bonnet and Marlot, and M. Legrand, curé of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the Imperial Parish. Opposite, on the Epistle side, were the Bishop of Nancy, first chaplain of the Emperor, and his clergy. In the centre of the sanctuary, in front of the Emperor's arm chair, was a table covered with white drapery, bearing a splendid silver gilt baptistery. Next to it were the Admirals and Marshals of France and other high dignitaries, the Grand Masters of the Imperial household and the Masters of the Ceremonies, the Princess Mathilde and the Ladies of Honor of the Empress. At half past 12 o'clock the Emperor entered the chapel, accompanied by the members of the Imperial family, the Presidents of the Senate and Legislative body, and the Grand Master of the Ceremonies. The Bishop of Adras having celebrated mass, the Abbé Deglace rose, and, taking for his text these words of the Gospel, "*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*," called down the blessings of the Almighty on the new born Prince, and thus concluded his invocation:—

"Bestow on him the genius and magnanimity of his father, the kindness and inexhaustible charity of his mother, the sincere faith and devotion of both; and, to sum up those wishes in one word, bestow on him a heart worthy of his destiny and of his name."

After mass, the Imperial infant was brought in by his governess, when the Bishop of Nancy, assisted by the parish priest of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, proceeded to christen him. A *Re Deum* was afterwards chanted, and the baptistery having been removed, the parish priest placed on the table the two registries in which the baptismal act of Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph, *fil de France*, was inscribed. The Emperor signed it on both registers, after which the same formality was gone through with by Prince Murat, the Duke of Alba, Marshal Vaillant, Minister of War; M. Troplong, President of the Senate, and Count de Morny, President of the Legislative body. The *Domine Salvum* was subsequently chanted, and the bishop having bestowed his benediction on all present, his Majesty left the chapel, and was conducted back to his apartments by the same personages who attended him on his arrival.

The Senate and the Legislative body met this morning at 8 o'clock, and received a message from the Minister of State, announcing to them the birth of the Imperial Prince. M. de Morny communicated the event in the following terms to the Legislative body:—"Gentlemen, last night, at 4 o'clock, the Emperor sent one of his aides-de-camps to apprise the Legislative body of the safe delivery of the Empress. Her Majesty gave birth, at a quarter past 3 o'clock this morning, to an Imperial Prince." (M. de Morny was here interrupted by cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*") "I perceive, gentlemen," continued the President, "that you share the joy of all France." (Unanimous acclamations.) "*Vive l'Empereur!*" "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" "*Vive le Prince Imperial!*" The cries were enthusiastically repeated by the Assembly, and when silence was restored, the President informed the deputies that they would be received on Monday (to-morrow) at the Tuilleries, by the Emperor. The Chamber then adjourned.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

[From the Granada Correspondent of Leslie's Illustrated News.]

CITY OF GRANADA, Nicaragua, Central America, March 10th, 1856. I SEND you full particulars, regarding the events which are just now transpiring in this country.

We are waking up this ancient city of Granada with a vengeance about these times—and I can easily imagine the moss-grown hoary cathedral towers blinking and staring in half-awakened wonder upon the bustling streets beneath, thronging with the representatives of "Young America," which have, as it were, just been landed from the "enchanted carpet." Such a blaze of scarlet ribbon, hat-bands, breast-knots and scarfs fluttering in the brisk lake breeze—blue coats, gold shoulder straps and shining buttons—brass sabres—and the dull steely shine of revolvers in patent leather belts—bayonets and gleaming rifle barrels—all, with the eager hurried tread of the "pale-faces," rushing past the shrinking groups of tawny, half-clad natives, picture-que in the gay colors and gossamer texture of their semi-civilized—all these sights and sounds filling the wild Plaza—pouring beneath the low wooden facades of two sides of its square, flowing down the strait narrow streets which diverge from it upon the rapid side-walk, the small breadth of which is sheltered by the jutting eaves of the red-tiled roofs—form a *fort ensemble*, at once striking and foreign.

But some parts of our picture require an explanation to those "outside barbarians," who like you Yorkers have not yet been indoctrinated into the blessed "state and privileges" of Filibustero Democracy. The scarlet ribbon, you must know, means war! The scarlet is the "war ribbon," and you will perceive in the formal Declaration of War, just issued from the office of the Commander-in-chief against Costa Rica and which we enclose, that all good democrats have been accordingly invited to don the scarlet ribbon. Think of this, will you who may yet linger batten in the dim realms of foggyism? Think of a nation only nine months old—just the period of human gestation—declaring war against an old, if not a powerful neighbor. But Costa Rica is yet powerful, even more rich than was Nicaragua eighteen months ago. How came this strange thing about, you ask?—a few words must tell. The Republics of Central America have been for long years distracted by eternal revolutions headed, now by this, and now by the other military chieftain, until nearly every tentacle of respectable wealth or family in the different so-called republics had, at some time or other in his life, caused himself to be elected President at the expense of a savage revolution, attended with such destruction of life and property that both had long since ceased to claim even the pretence of security. Tired of these continued butcheries, the leading priests and most sagacious civilians of Nicaragua, opened a correspondence with Col. William Walker, then of Lower California notoriety, which ended in their inviting him to come to their aid with his little band of liberators, or filibusters, as we glory to call ourselves, promising to back him with men, money and influence, in the effort to put down this military misrule and restore order. Col. Walker accepted their invitation, but soon found on entering the country of Nicaragua, that he would have to fight the battle alone—yet with his hand once to the plough, he was not the man to turn back. He conquered at the most desperate odds and drove the Chamoristas, or Aristocratic Party, which had always favored these revolutions, from the country. They took refuge in the neighboring State of Costa Rica—those who through Walker's clemency were permitted to escape. Since that time they have been actively engaged in fomenting discord between the State which had given them protection and the Provisional Government of Nicaragua. The policy of Walker towards the neighboring States has been fully recognized by Nicaragua—he has continually held out the olive branch of conciliation towards the other States of the confederacy. Through the influence of the refugee Chamoristas, Costa Rica has uniformly rejected all these proffers of friendship and concert of council and action for the mutual good. At last, one General Corral, a Chamorista officer, and former Military President, or rather despot, of Nicaragua, who had been formally pardoned and received with generous confidence into the Cabinet of Walker, was detected in a bloody and horrible conspiracy with his old associates the Chamoristas, having for its object the no less gentle and grateful purpose than the massacre of the entire body of Americans in Nicaragua. The proofs were complete. He was court-martialed by a commission of half American and half-native officers. They unanimously condemned him and he was accordingly shot upon the Plaza of Granada in view of the whole populace. This summary execution, while it was attended with the most salutary results in overawing the disaffected of their party yet remaining in Nicaragua, only served to inflame the refugee Chamoristas in Costa Rica to more embittered efforts to bring about a collision between that State and the Walker government. The time had arrived when it had become necessary that a convention of the States of Central America should be held to agree upon the terms of a general pacification. The other States had agreed to this, and Costa Rica alone held out with obstinacy. General Walker, to leave no stone unturned, sent to Costa Rica one of his officers, Col. Schlessinger, as Commissioner Plenipotentiario to offer terms of conciliation, and treat concerning the proposed convention for the federalization of the Central American States.

The gallant Colonel was refused a reception and dismissed even with contumely. Not content with this insult, the President of Costa Rica, Mora, sent on immediately a body of 15,000 troops to occupy the Department of Guanacosta, which is in dispute between the two states of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, and in a flaming proclamation proceeded to threaten our town of Virgin Bay, on the north side of lake Nicaragua, and which possesses great importance as being one of the chief depots of the Transit Company.

In the mean time while the disputes between the two states had been gradually approximating this climax, the Walker Government had been also strengthening itself by a liberal and enlightened policy in regard to emigration from the states. The ranks of our little army had been rapidly filled by every arrival of steamers from California, New Orleans and New York, and when the crisis came, we were prepared for war! The army had already begun to think

that those jokes on the part of Costa Rica had about gone far enough and to expect to hear "Uncle Billy," as his men delight to call him, whispering at her ear with that low calm voice of his: "Come! no more of this."

The whisper has been spoken at last and we are greatly mistaken if the breath of that "still small voice" does not yet blow away the very nationality of this same Costa Rica, if she does not come promptly to terms, and consent to behave with common sense and decency. "Small" and "still" as that voice may be, it has proven to be powerful enough on the battle-fields and in the councils of Central America, has literally spoken "Peace be still!" to the troubled waters of this distracted country. And, rest assured, that while Gen. Walker lives—we have not spoken in any spirit of sacrilegious contrast—these same waters will have to be still, whether or no!

Believe me, the man who, after three desperate battles in rapid succession, with apparently overwhelming disparity of numbers, could enter a city of six thousand inhabitants in the broad light of day at the head of only sixty ragged and half-starved men, storm its Plaza, and seize with a firm, strong hand, the reins of the government of an entire State, is not very likely to be shaken, though several Costa Ricans were combined against him, especially now that he is at the head of an army of twelve hundred splendidly equipped and daring men, confessedly among the best soldiers of the world.

The friends of utility and progress throughout the world may rely upon the stability of this Central American movement; the seat of our chief is too guarded in the saddle—his grip of the reins too firm and cool for him to be easily displaced. In a word, he is the "man of the time"—he seems possessed of precisely those elements of quiet force which fit him for the position of conqueror as well as pacifier of these semi-civilized States—and what is yet more surprising, he governs the turbulent and outbreathing spirit which he has been compelled to summon to his aid with a skill quite as wary as that he has displayed in both profiting and overawing the sullen and treacherous fires that smolder within the swarthy lairs of tropic bosoms.

It is only such imperturbable coolness and self-collectedness as he possesses, and about which his men are so fond of relating droll anecdotes, which would give him such control over them and which never loses him an advantage. He receives everyone and everything with the same unflinching clear conciliatory decision and dismisses them with a terseness as unanswerable as it is irrevocable.

There are many interesting anecdotes afloat among his men about this proverbial promptness in disposing of subjects which had seemed to them very complicated; his sword for the Gordian knot is a word, and the blow follows—but never any more an unnecessary word than an unnecessary blow!

It is certainly a grand destiny to which this man seems to have been called, for it certainly seems to include nothing short of the entire regeneration and rebuilding of this republic, the introducing into the family of enlightened and civilized nations a new sister, bearing upon her bosom the fair and luscious beauties of the temperate tropics, her once haggard brows bedewed with cooling verdures of a strange reviving splendor—ah yes, it is a glorious destiny, and may he live to consummate its term!

When I tell you, far away people, that this is indeed a wonderful land, how you will stare! As one single example take the plain of Leon alone, and you have one of the most extraordinary visions of agricultural resources ever opened to human eyes upon this earth. Its capabilities in this respect, apart from its mere scenic beauties seem almost incredible. The plain itself would support in luxurious abundance a population of millions; and the old city, what a noble sight! with the round-capped turrets of its huge cathedral looming up, hoary with age, from the deep green bosom of the mighty plain skirted on either hand by strange mountain forms, sharpened against the clear emerald line of distance. Although its broad bosom might be made to bear the wealth of tillage with the smallest conceivable amount of labor, yet it now possesses only a few wretched haciendas, which dot it in little patches here and there at great distances apart. I could not help thinking what must be the sensations of a true disciple of Jeremy Bentham, who would stand where I did on the top of a small promontory thrust out like a tongue of mountain land into its broad surface near the city, and look out upon the sunny expanse of this now almost illimitable waste of God's most precious gifts for the utility service of mankind.

This great plain produces, in the most amazing luxuriance, any or every thing that ever was grown in a tropical country. Tobacco, superior to that of Cuba; Indigo; sugar, I think richer than that of Louisiana, besides the cane that the cane needs to be replanted only once in twelve years, if properly cultivated; coffee, cocoa, rice, cotton, growing wild, and of very superior fibre, not to speak of oranges, bananas, plantains, &c., &c., and all this grown with so little trouble, that three months' labor in a year will produce all that a man needs, to get rich in a short time; and yet with all this prodigality of a bountiful earth, its miserable and lazy native owners make no use of it, and it might lie there basking in the sunshine to all eternity for them. But it is well for the good of humanity that a strong and energetic government now owns all this wealth, which it is, besides, willing to give away to the industrious emigrants of every country. Two hundred and fifty acres to every able-bodied man, single, and 350 if he brings his wife. Come along. Ho! ye weary and heavy laden! Jew and Gentile, come along!

GRANADA, March 11, 1886.

I open my letter to inform you of the events of one day later, which clearly go to show that General Walker is in reality not joking about this Costa Rica Declaration of war. I had scarcely completed the first portion of my letter, when the town was suddenly startled by the announcement that orders had been issued for the immediate embarkment of the 1st battalion of the 2nd Rifles on board the steamer "Virgin," which had just arrived from Virgin Bay, and was under orders to return immediately. Such a helter-skelter and rejoicing turn-out as immediately occurred in the garrison, would have done the very heart of a sincere well-wisher of "Manifest Destiny" good. The marching order was to be ready in one hour for embarkation. Hither and thither the rejoicing soldiery hurried. All on the full run—some with knapsacks—some with carpet-bags and old trunks, hastily caught up, and being transported to the trucks which were to take them to the steamer.

Then, in a little while, the scene changed. These same hurrying men were filing past, with the slow and stately tramp of disciplined parade, company after company, with their gay scarlet pennons and ribbons fluttering in the breeze, marched around the Plaza, and formed in front of the General's quarters, a goodly array of strong and well-armed men—three hundred—all told. These, it must be remembered, were only the men ordered for Virgin Bay—a strong force still remained to protect us here, in Granada. Soon this fine body having been quickly surveyed by their general, from his accustomed stand in the balcony of his quarters, and reviewed by their respective field-officers, began to file off toward the steamer; while, to take their places for similar survey and review, came clanking upon the Plaza, several fine companies of the remaining garrison, commanded by Colonel Fry. Now came the time of hurry among the mounted officers, who were dashing to and fro, crossing each other in all directions. Some brought up their horses all standing, from the sudden grip of a powerful fellow from a squad of men eager for a last commissariat luxury, or to ask some short and hurried question, which would be as shortly answered. We were especially pleased at the indomitable good humor with which the best Chief of the Commissariat Department, Colonel Fisher, endured the harassing interruptions to which he was subjected in his progress across the confused scene. The Colonel, by the way—and understand us—merely for the benefit of the fair admirers of our Republic of Nicaragua, we will remark, is one of the handsomest men we have yet seen on horseback. Whether he remains unmarried, or how he will look in the parlor, we would advise all such ladies to come and see for themselves. We assure them that we are likely to have plenty more "of the same sort," indeed it would be difficult to find, in any country on earth, so many fine looking men as we have collected here. Put that, if not in your pipes, at least in your memories, fair dames.

The embarkation was completed without further incident than the amusing one of a general alarm and turn-out of the garrison upon the beating of tattoo on board the steamer, which was supposed in town to have left hours ago. This affair kept things in an uproar for several hours, but all is quiet enough this morning. The inveterate Chicomero party have managed to get up some little trouble among our garrison troops, making, it seems, an attempt at bribing two or three of the men. Their scheme they hoped to carry out during the movements last night, but it was discovered by the vigilance of the well-known Capt. T. Egbert Barnham. This affair tended to increase the confusion of the night. The General went down in the steamer, but it is understood with no expectation of any immediate collision with the forces of Costa Rica, which it is believed have not yet progressed further than the Rio Flor upon the north-east boundary of Costa Rica. News of warm work may be expected, however, in about three weeks, and as your correspondent expects to be "there" "about that time," you may anticipate being duly figured up. Gen. Walker has now with him 480 men, besides 100 volunteers, at his command, to be stationed as he may decide for the defence of Virgin Bay and Rivas. There are said to be in addition some 4 or 500 native soldiers awaiting his commands; but as nobody cares much about them, it does not seem to matter much what their numbers may be.

GRANADA, March 12 to 15. As the mail closes this afternoon, I will conclude with a rapid summary of the events of the last three days, which have been principally days of surmise. On the evening of the 13th, Gen. Walker returned from Virgin. We were all as yet uncertain what movement had been determined upon from Virgin, whether the troops under Col. Schlessinger that followed the General thither were to be posted in divisions at that point and Rivas, or to be sent on immediately towards Costa Rica. Yesterday solved the question so far as we civilians were concerned. It came out at last that the gallant Col. Schlessinger, with his command of three hundred men, and fifty additional troops from Virgin Bay, had moved on immediately towards Costa Rica, through the department of Guanacaste. But as to whether this movement is to be considered as intended for a mere feint in the direction of the capital of Costa Rica, or as a decisive movement upon that point, is known only to the government, though the conjecture is that the determination of this point has been left discretionary to some degree with the commander of the division. Considered as a feint to check the advance of the Costa Rica forces upon Virgin Bay until the arrival of the large reinforcements expected by the California steamer of the 20th proximo, it strikes your correspondent as an admirable movement. But the General-in-Chief keeps his own counsel, and further than a mere conjecture, I would not venture.

Yesterday, a lofty flag staff was erected in the centre of the Plaza, surmounted by a liberty cap decorated with the ribbon, and bearing beneath in broad, alternate stripes of pale green and white, with the seal of the State in the centre of the flag of Nicaragua. It is visible some distance out on the lake, and will be the first object which greets the anxious vision of the soldier of liberty approaching our shores.

Rest assured whichever course events may take, the most brilliant results are to be anticipated, and that very promptly too! By a General Order dated Granada, March 13th, 1886.

"The Supreme Provisional Government of the Republic of Nicaragua having

formally declared War by a Decree of March 11th, 1886, against the State of Costa Rica, the army will be held in readiness to commence active operations."

You will perceive that Gen. Walker is holding himself in readiness to support the movement of Col. Schlessinger, at a moment's notice.

So look out for bright news again!

An official statement of the force and points of distribution of the army of Nicaragua, up to the time of the movements of the battalion of 2nd Rifles, under Col. Schlessinger, to Virgin Bay, and thence to Costa Rica, may be of paramount interest just now. I accordingly append this statement:

1st RIFLES.
3 Companies at Leon.....180 men, Col. M. B. Skerrett.
1 Company at Chinandega.....60 " Lieut. Col. E. I. Saunders.
2 Companies at Rivas.....130 " Maj. A. S. Brewster.

370 in all.

2nd RIFLES.
4 Companies at Rivas, 288 men, under Col. Louis Schlessinger.
(Since reinforced and gone to Costa Rica.)

1st LIGHT INFANTRY.
3 Companies at Granada.....180 men, Col. B. D. Fry.
1 Company at Masagua.....60 " Capt. T. J. Aneet.
1 Company at San Carlos.....45 " Capt. Jos. Linton.
1 Company at Castillo.....55 " Lieut. J. M. Baldwin.

340.

Total force 996; besides clerks, mechanics, and laborers employed in Quartermaster-General's Office, Ordnance and Commissary Departments, numbering over 150 men. American residents 250 to 300.

I think existing facts will show that this latter statement scarcely comes up to the mark.

Mr. Fabens, the Commissioner of Colonization, represents that an average of fifty men to the steamer, both ways, immediately take up the land to which they are entitled under the Colonization Act, and disappear before they can be duly registered—some to settle in the region round about the city of Granada, others in Matagalpa, but most in the fertile Department of Rivas. One thing at least is certain, we are filling up here with the white race quite fast enough to enable us to protect ourselves in whatever direction we may choose to spread.

VIRGIN BAY, Nicaragua, Central America, 18th March, 1886.

I left Granada the evening of my last date, the 13th inst., for the purpose of being on hand when the news from California, and the 500 emigrants expected by the steamer now due came to hand, as well as to be able to forward you any news that might come in per Courier, from the seat of war in Costa Rica. As yet nothing has transpired from either source, but we are in hourly expectation of some from both. In the mean time, we are at Virgin Bay, a poor little town upon the west side of the Lake, which but for the fact of one respectable building, which formed a part of the property of the late bankrupt Accessory Transit Company, would be a mere mound of miserable native huts. Virgin, however, has a history independent of the Accessory Transit Co.—it was here that the third battle of Gen'l Walker was fought on his way to Granada, and even the large building of the late Company, in which we are located, is scarred and riddled with the marks of that desperate fight in front and in rear. After the fight in Rivas, in which the gallant young hero, A. C. Kewen, was killed, Walker marched down to Virgin, and his wearied men had hardly finished their breakfasts, and the officers lighted their cigars, when the Chamoristas suddenly opened fire upon the town from ambush, on every side. The gallant fellows sprang to their rifles, and one of the most singular battles at once commenced. The attacking party numbered about 500 men, and the attacked 47 fatigued white men, and 140 natives. Here, there, and everywhere; facing this way, driving back an assault on the west, now on the north of the town, the gallant 47 fought against an overwhelming force, to begin with, and which was still to be driven from a chosen position of strength; now charging across the open Plaza with "a fire in the rear" as well as in front—now scattering in groups of two or three, to occupy this, that, or the other building at advantage—the swift and ever-changing conflict raged and raged in every direction at the same time, for an hour and about twenty minutes, when the enemy were all cleared out. There came a light among the papers seized, an amusingly premature Proclamation of the Chamorista General, Guardiola, ready written for printing, in which he formally congratulates his countrymen upon having driven the unlucky filibusters into the lake, after having massacred the main body, &c., &c. This was read to the great relief of the conquerors after the affair had closed. Here, for about the first and only time, the native forces labored well—indeed, the Americans who were present concur in pronouncing their conduct both soldierly and gallant. This shows what may be done with these people when properly officered, as they were on that occasion, by their own countrymen. There were 18 Mississippi rifles in the ranks of the enemy, said to be handled by Germans. The fellow who commanded them came into Granada a few days ago, trying to sell mules and horses to the officers. He even carried his offshootery so far as to press some demands upon the Government, for immediate collection, which were not properly due until five years had elapsed. The Paymaster having refused to take up the Scrip, Hoffman, the Chamorista Colonel and hero of the 18 rifles at Virgin, had the impudence to call upon General Walker to press his claim. The General refused his application. The fellow, in his chagrin, muttered as if in answer to an imaginary question, "Yesh, Ish fight against yous at Virgin Bay midt eighteen rifles." "So you did, but I never saw that you did us much harm," was the quiet reply—and it was literally true—with that formidable weapon in hand, they had not killed a single American.

You have, no doubt, heard by this time of the preposterous seizure of the Lake and River steamers of the Nicaraguan Transit Company by order of the government here. The abuses of that infamous monopoly had gone so far that the utmost limits of patience had long since been reached. Besides the monstrous impositions so long practised upon emigrants and passengers of every class, the government of Nicaragua had been systematically defrauded of the dues stipulated to be paid by the company for the privilege of transit across its territory, while the company was comfortably pocketing its yearly millions of fraudulent profits. Things had grown to the point when Gen. Walker coolly ordered the seizure of the entire property of the company within the limits of the State.

The Commissioners after reporting the success of this seizure at Granada returned here, and on the 11th inst. commenced a thorough investigation of the books and papers of the Company, in order to obtain if possible, the evidence of the deliberate frauds intended and perpetrated. The proof is said to be of the deepest and most damning dye. The last few days have been spent in taking the depositions of witnesses, and if further proof were needed, this evidence is said to make a deep damnation doubly sure! never was an act of stern, prompt retribution believed to have been more needed or deserved.

Evening, 18th March, 1886, SAN JUAN DEL NORTE, 8 o'clock, P. M.

The examination of the morning closed before two, and the Commission, consisting of Col. E. C. Kewen, Lieut. Col. E. I. Saunders, Commissioners, Hon. A. F. Alden, Secretary, Douglas E. Jerrild, Secretary, and your humble servant as guest, set out in an express wagon for San Juan del Norte, at which place seated in a room of the Pacific Hotel, I now write. The Commissioners have gone to take other depositions here to-night, and in the early morning we are to return to Virgin, and thence to Granada by steamer immediately. These gentlemen commissioners are managing to make a great deal of fun with all the hard work they go through, and I may yet have time to slip in a few items before bed-time.

11 O'CLOCK, P. M.

We have a courier in from the "Seat of War" as I suppose it may be termed, who brings us news from Colonel Schlessinger's command. He had penetrated on yesterday as far as the town of Zapoa, six miles from the Bay of Salinas. His troops had suffered greatly from thirst and fatigue on the rugged march of four days over mountain paths, through passes and defiles which it is reported ten good men might easily have held against his whole force. Their progress was, however, unimpeded, except by the natural obstacles and want of water and provisions. The men went twenty hours without water, but the arrival at Zapoa, brought them relief and they moved on after a few hours rest upon Zapoa, where according to report, 500 of the enemy's force awaited them. They dashed into the town in fine style expecting a warm reception, when lo! to the infinite chagrin of our boys, they found themselves—after a few straggling shots which hurt nobody—charging valourously upon empty houses. The town had been deserted on the first news of the approach of the terrible "Tigres Americanos," and the affrighted inhabitants including the soldiers had taken to the mountains. Everything bore evidence of the consternation of the sudden flight. The milk gourds brimming with the fresh "leche" hung on their accustomed pegs, "tortillas" blackened on the yet heated stoves, the ownerless pigs grunted disconsolately beside the deserted huts, masterless curs slunk howling away—tails between legs, and the roused cocks, the only game production of the country, shrilled the clarion notes of defiance above the clamor. An inviolated surgeon on the return shored us a hankomely bound copy of Lamartine in Spanish, which he rescued from a box of papers that had been dropped in the Bush by some flying family, and which the men were about converting into kindling. They had found it while chasing around the poor deserted fowls and pigs to replenish their no doubt heathenish "flesh-pots." The wretched natives imagine that these horrid filibusters are nothing short of veritable cannibals.

Some fresh, and what is better very fine horses, were obtained here for mounting the command, and when our informants left, it was about to move on in high spirits, each man with a led horse. It was expected that the city of Guanacaste would be attacked to-night, and of course carried! The country round about swarms with splendid horses and noble bullocks, so that the colonel and his men will, no doubt, be up to their knees in clover by morning. It is supposed that his next movement will be upon Punta Arenas, a city of about 7,000 inhabitants, and about seventy-five miles from San Jose, the capital of Costa Rica, which will be the next point threatened. It is supposed that the command will wait at Punta Arenas for reinforcements.

19th inst. 10 P. M.
Back again in Virgin Bay. You see me move rapidly here. The steamer is in sight returning from Granada. We will wait her news.

VIRGIN BAY, 21st inst. 10 P. M.
The news from the Californian steamer has finally reached us. This is the longest trip the steamers of that line have ever made. She has been out over fifteen days, and arrived at San Juan del Norte last night. The news of the seizure of the Accessory Transit Company's property had not reached California when the Brother Jonathan left, and the same difficulties with the company which have interfered with emigration on the last two steamers were yet in existence, preventing the expected reinforcements. The passengers have not yet come across, and we have no detailed news yet.

It is rumored that the property of the Accessory Transit Company is to be put up for sale immediately in liquidation of its debts to the government of Nicaragua.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE, Thursday, March 27.—All matters connected with the action of the Naval Retiring Board were made the special order for Monday next. The Invalid Pension bill was passed. Senator Harlan made a speech on Kansas affairs, taking ground against Mr. Douglas' report. The Committee on Judiciary were instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing for the allowance of writs of error from inferior federal courts to the Supreme Court of the United States, in original cases. The Senate adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE.—The Committee on Foreign Relations were instructed to inquire into the expediency of modifying the act remodeling the diplomatic and consular system, so as to repeal among other things, so much of it as requires that all diplomatic agents shall be of the grade of Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary. The day was consumed in a fruitless consideration of the bill defining the rights of voters and the duties of Commissioners of Elections in Washington. Mr. Faulkner, of Va., submitted to the Military Committee a bill for an entire re-organization of the army.

SENATE, Friday, March 28.—Not in session.

HOUSE.—The bill defining the rights of voters and Commissioners of elections in Washington, was referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia. Mr. Lane, of Oregon, called attention to the horrible sufferings of the whites in Oregon and Washington Territories, caused by the unrestrained outrages of the Indians, twenty thousand of whom, of various tribes, are located therein. He earnestly appealed for an appropriation of \$300,000, to secure the services of friendly Indians, who alone can, in the summer time, penetrate to the hiding places and fastnesses of the foe. He introduced a bill for that purpose, which was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means. Mr. Campbell, Chairman of the Committee said the matter would be considered immediately. The House adjourned until Monday.

SATURDAY, March 29.—Neither house in session.

SENATE, Monday, March 31.—Mr. Clayton made an explanation in reference to Wilkes' Exploring Expedition, and stated that the entire cost of the expedition, including four years' service, printing, &c., was about \$1,250,000. The consideration of Mr. Iverson's resolutions for the appointment of a committee with power to summon the members of the Naval Retiring Board before them, and ascertain the reasons which governed the action of the Board, was resumed. Mr. Iverson spoke to the resolutions, reviewing the action of the board, and strongly sympathizing with the victims of that tribunal. Mr. Silldell defended the Board. The debate was continued by Messrs. Butler, Clayton and Crittenden, until the hour of adjournment.

SENATE, Tuesday, April 1.—The Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations reported a joint resolution to remodel the diplomatic and consular system of the United States, which was adopted. The debate on the action of the Navy Retiring Board was resumed, during which warm and personal remarks were indulged in by Senators Clayton, of Delaware, and Bell, of Tennessee.

HOUSE.—Ten thousand copies of the Central American correspondence, together with that between this country and Great Britain on the arbitration and enlistment questions, were ordered to be printed. The bill appropriating \$300,000 for restoring and maintaining the peaceable disposition of the Indian tribes on the Pacific coast, and \$120,000 for the purchase of gunpowder, was passed; after which the House went in to Committee of the Whole on the President's message, and the slavery question was discussed.

Mr. Robinson, who claims to be Governor of Kansas, is in Washington.

Mr. Helise, of Kentucky has been sent for by the President, and offered the post of Minister to Nicaragua, in place of Colonel Wheeler. A cabinet council has been held on the despatches brought by the Canada. General Pierce has declared his intention to make no more appointments to office until the Cincinnati Convention had made a nomination, and that he was in the hands of his friends and would abide by their decision.

SENATE, Wednesday, April 2.—The House resolution for the enlargement of the Custom-House, Post Office, and Federal Court buildings at Buffalo was passed. The Committee on Foreign Relations reported a joint resolution to permit Dr. Kane and the officers associated with him in the expedition in the Arctic seas to accept such tokens of acknowledgement therefor as the Government of Great Britain may please to present in accordance with its wishes on the subject. A lengthy debate ensued, in which Dr. Kane and Henry Grinnell received many well-deserved compliments. The resolution was finally postponed. Mr. Fessenden spoke on the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty, in opposition to harsh measures, and in favor of settling the differences between this Government and Great Britain by negotiation. Mr. Cass argued that we should take a decided stand for the maintenance of our rights. Messrs. Bell and Clayton settled their yesterday's difficulties in debate.

HOUSE.—The Senate's amendments to the West-Point Academy, the Pension, and the Deficiency Appropriation bills were considered, in a debate which occupied the entire session. Before coming to a vote the House adjourned.

LITERARY.

THE WAR IN KANSAS; OR, A ROUGH TRIP TO THE BORDER, AMONG NEW HOMES AND A STRANGE PEOPLE. By G. DOUGLAS BUEWERTON. Author of "A Ride with Kit Carson," etc. New York: Derby & Jackson. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby. 1886. 12mo. pp. 400.

EVERY thing to Kansas just at this time is of peculiar interest, and this new work by Mr. Brewerton will no doubt find many readers. The author was for some time correspondent to the New York Herald, and although his letters were charged with the peculiar spirit of that press, so far as Kansas is concerned, they were highly necessary as an offset to the exaggerated pictures that came from the ultra Free State papers. It is to be regretted that the system of journalism which obtains here prevents a free expression of opinion, or a fair and full exposition of facts by the entire corps of newspaper correspondents. Every thing has to be colored to meet the views of the particular paper for which it is written. This is all wrong, and the facts and opinions of correspondents can have little comparative value until they can be given without any shading. In the multitude of publications, however, the great jury composed of the public, will get at the truth of Kansas affairs, and Mr. Brewerton's book will aid in bringing about the final verdict. No one can object to light, come as it will.

AN EXCELLENT PAPER, AND ABLE EDITOR, AND A CLEVER FELLOW.

WM. A. SEEVER, Esq., and the Buffalo Courier, more than fill the above bill. None of our exchanges are opened with more pleasure, and we have ever felt a sort of personal affection for a paper edited by any member of the Seaver family. The father, formerly of the Batavia Times, is among our oldest editors and most respected types, "Dan" aided his brother "Luke"—(of blessed memory, the flower of the family, who stuck by the writer under difficulties)—in the publication of the Milwaukee Democrat, and both secured hosts of friends throughout Wisconsin. The editor of the Courier is a chip of the old block, a worthy son of a worthy sire, under whose editorial charge the paper has improved in every respect. It is gentlemanly in its tone, a judicious and conservative advocate of democratic principles—never descending to vulgar slang or violent partisanship—and is altogether a most excellent and reliable newspaper in every department. We are led to this notice by observing its modest annual prospectus, the opening paragraph of which we copy:—"The Courier enters upon the ninth year of its publication under its present proprietor; and the anniversary is deemed an appropriate one on which to present it to its readers in a new typographical dress. We believe there is now no other daily paper in this State, out of the city of New York, that has for so many years been in the uninterrupted proprietorship of one person or firm, as the Courier has been in ours. Since 1848 there have been changes in ownership of every daily journal in this city, in Rochester, Auburn, Syracuse, Utica, Albany and Troy."

TOILING AND HOPING.—The Story of a Little Hunchback. By Jenny Marsh. Derby & Jackson, New York.

A very pleasant domestic story by a new candidate for literary fame.

POEMS, by Charles Kingsley. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

WE cordially recommend this volume to the attention of those who feel an interest in noble sentiments expressed in the most harmonious verse. Kingsley has the true spirit, and his works will find a place among the permanent literature of the day. The poems deserve the careful analysis of the most powerful critics.

MUNICIPAL.—The Committee on Lands and Places of the Board of Aldermen on Wednesday had under consideration the proposition to extend the lease of Reservoir Square to the Crystal Palace Association for a term of five years. It is understood that the committee, on Monday next, will report adversely to the extension.

EDUCATIONAL.—The Board of Education on Wednesday evening re-elected S. S. Randall City Superintendent of Schools for two years from June next. Mr. R. received twenty-nine out of thirty-one votes cast. A report appropriating \$13,650 for repairs of ward schoolhouse No. 12 was adopted.

ARSON.—A young German, named William Marx, was arrested on Monday, by Fire Marshal Baker, charged with burglary and arson, in entering and setting fire, on Saturday night, to premises rear of 59 Spring-street. After his arrest Marx confessed his guilt, and was duly committed for trial.

CATTLE.—An active demand existed, last week, for cattle in the drove yards. The supply was limited, and prices advanced. Not much extra beef was on the market, the qualities generally being good to common, with some very inferior. Sheep and lambs scarce, and quality generally, with some few exceptions, rather bad.

THE TEN GOVERNORS.—At a meeting of the Board of Almshouse Governors, held Tuesday, William S. Duke presented his resignation as a member of the board, which was accepted. A ballot was immediately taken, and Cornelius V. Anderson, ex-Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, was elected to fill the vacancy thus created, by a vote of seven in his favor to one blank. Mr. Duke is an old line whig, with know nothing proclivities, and Mr. Anderson is understood to belong to the same school of politics, so the political balance of the board is not destroyed. A resolution was adopted to increase the house staff of the medical department, and a number of nominations made. There are 6,406 persons now under the care of the Governors, being a decrease of 46 since last week.



RISDON. 50.

JAVANESE HABITATIONS.

SCENES IN THE ISLAND OF JAVA.

AFTER being accustomed to the sylvan poverty of temperate climates, one is filled with enthusiasm at the sight of tropical forests, where all the trees, all the plants, have such magnificent aspect, and can only be appropriately named by calling them botanical gardens on an immense scale. If we are to believe excellent authority, this very earthly paradise, the Isle of Ceylon, has in the Indian Ocean a rival, to which it must yield the first rank, and that is the Island of Java.

A superior officer, for sixteen years in the East Indian service of the Netherlands, Mr. Van Pers, sends us the first series of drawings, of the Island of Java. His designs not only recommend themselves by their subject, but also by the claims of their author. By authority of the colonial government of the Netherlands, Mr. Van Pers frequently made excursions amongst the native people of those islands, friendly as well as hostile, excursions whose tendencies were either political or with a view to study the geographical and natural condition of the country.

We have thus far five designs from Mr. Van Pers. The first represents six Javanese children, of different sex and age. Their dress alone will show, how mild the climate is, and generally among the lower classes the children are allowed to run perfectly naked till five or six years old. This habit gives them suppleness and ease of motion, which they often preserve to a great age, and being otherwise moderate in their living, obesity and corporal deformity are rare with them.

After this first stage of life, the dress of the children, though confined to the most indispensable articles of wearing apparel, is still very picturesque. The first piece of dress for both sexes is a piece of stuff of triangular form, "oto," which covers the breast and the lower abdomen. Later the females wear a kind of little folded apron, "saya," and the boys a small cover, fastened on the hips by a simple cord. Sometimes this is of home manufactured stuff, "sarong," which they throw most of the time over their shoulders. On holidays the females wear an additional blouse, open in front, "badjoe," which reaches to the knees, and the boys wear a kind of short vest, "badjoe pindak," of light material, fastened at the neck by a button.

The heads of the children of both sexes are shaved forty days after birth, with this difference that the boys retain two tufts of hair, one in the front and one in the back of the head, whilst the daughters only retain one on the top of the head; but instead of this, the boys continue to get shaved, whilst the hair of the girl is allowed to grow, save in case of accident or sickness. The dwelling represented in sketch No. 2 represents a native family in easy circumstances. Near the house is the "tom-hong," in which the store of rice necessary for the maintenance of the family till next harvest is kept. At the side of the barn, where the labor oxen, ("karbos,") used during the day are kept for the night, two women are occupied in peeling the rice for the next day's consumption; a little farther off one brings a basket full of washing from the river to the house, and on the head of the stairs a young girl with loosened hair, as is customary to wear in the house, pays attention to a turtle-dove in a cage suspended at the outer gallery. The Javanese

attach a superstitious idea to the song of these turtle-doves, and sometimes a peculiarity in their guttural expressions varies their price even as high as fifty dollars. Some of the men transport fruit in a double basket, some are stretched at the foot of a tree; a young boy riding on the back of a vigorous oxen is directing his charge to the bank of the river. It is surprising to see these powerful animals, which, under their heavy look, hide a great deal of agility, oftentimes very dangerous for a European who approaches them, led by these native children with a single stick. On the plain is the car or transport-wagon, with its enormous wheels often made of one piece, which at first sight appears very strange. Although the dwelling represented in the second plate is that of a family of ease, still one can form a correct opinion of the rest of the houses which are located in a "Kampong," or a village, for there is none that is not shaded the same as this by high and fruit-bearing trees. Around every hut you see the healthy and nourishing fig-tree, the refreshing apricot-tree, the bread-tree, which the Javanese know how to turn to all kind of uses, the tamarind, the erect bamboo, with its numerous trunks spreading like a fan its leaves over the habitations. Close by is a little hedge of apple-trees and some brushwood, redolent with spices and piment, all producing a sufficiency for the maintenance of a family.

Fill these trees with thousands of gay birds, whose songs enliven the spot, and you will understand why the native of this garden of Eden executes joyfully his daily task, and preserves to an advanced age the primitive simplicity of his character.

The houses consist mainly of side-walls of unequal thickness, and coarsely put together, interwoven with bamboo cane. The texture is covered with a kind of plaster made out of the leaves of the

"alang-alang" plant, thrown on laths and pressed on the bamboo, thus rendering a covering which is impenetrable by rain, but which requires frequent repairs.

When all the materials are collected, the neighbors meet to help each other in the construction, which is thus accomplished in a few days. When the work is done, a long table is furnished, every one according to his means brings provisions, the women go to work fixing up the eatables, and in the evening after work, the men participate of this inauguration repast called "sadeka," and presided over by the priest, or hadji of the village, who occupies the seat of honor. The greatest harmony prevails at these reunions, and at an early hour each returns to his home, carrying with him the remainder of the food, which is equally divided between all.

It is impossible in so condense a manner to describe all the multifarious costumes of this country, and I shall confine myself to a few of them. In plate No. 3, a Sundanese, or inhabitant of the highlands, is represented carrying her infant in the Javanese manner, suspended on the side by a long scarf, "selindang." This manner of carrying permits her to attend to her domestic duties. Her dress consists of a blouse of blue material, "badjoe," and a long piece of a material called "kayen pandang" which encloses the lower part of the body. The Javanese wear this last garment very short, so as not to be hindered in their movements, rendered necessary by the labor they undergo. The figure on the side represents a Javanese in holiday costume. Over the handkerchief which covers his head is a hat open on the top, destined to guard the eyes against the burning rays of the sun. His long vest, "katieu" is of striped material, his sarony or apron is fastened with a cord around the hips. The third figure, seated behind the former is a man of lower class, a kind of porter, "koeti." His vest is thrown over his shoulders, and his legs are covered with a short sack of light material. In his hand he holds his large hat, which shelters him against rain and sunshine.

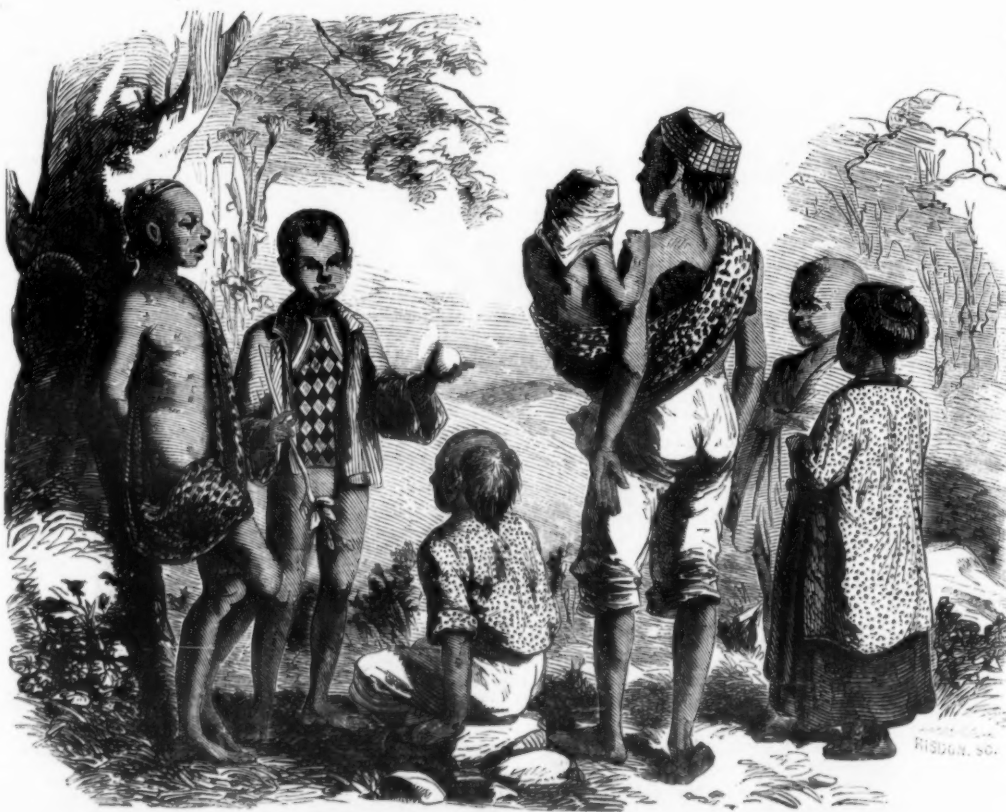
The fourth plate represents the arms in use in the Island of Java.

THE REWARD OF FIDELITY.—A massive, magnificent, and exquisitely wrought gold watch was presented Monday evening by the American Express Company to Mr. John Upton, one of their agents, for the fidelity he has exhibited in their employment, and particularly on the night of the 13th of January last, on the occasion of the accident on the Hudson River Railroad at Spuyten Duyvil creek. He had in his care a million and a half of dollars in gold and notes, and although one of his legs was broken, he remained by it for more than three hours of one of the severest nights of the past winter. He was also presented with a thousand dollars some time ago, which had been subscribed by the members of the Express Company and others, who desired to testify in that substantial manner their appreciation of his worth. On the inside of the watch case is the following inscription:—

Presented to John Upton by the American Express Company, for his faithful services while in their employment as a messenger, and especially on the night of the 13th of January, 1856.

On one side of the case is the appropriate device of a safe and a watch dog, and on the other a train of cars.

CHARTIST BALL.—A ball complimentary to John Frost, the Chartist exile, was given at the City Assembly Rooms on the 31st March.



JAVANESE CHILDREN.

Mlle. Rachel's Visit to America.—Mlle. Rachel has returned to Paris from her unfortunate United States expedition, which has disappointed her pecuniary hopes, has humiliated her pride, and broken her health. One of the troupe who accompanied her is publishing in one of the Paris journals an account of her performances in America. It is written with great ill-feeling towards the Yankees; but it is not without interest. Rachel had, it appears, a constant succession of mortifications. When she was to appear at New York, a transparency was stuck up in front of the theatre, as if she was figuring in a mountebank's booth. Her reception was nothing like so enthusiastic as that accorded to Jenny Lind. Her first night's receipts were only \$5,016, whereas Jenny Lind's first night's were \$17,864; her second night's receipts were, in English money, £280 less than the first night's. On the two nights, some mischievous boys collected near the theatre and amused themselves in ridiculing the French, by imitating the crowing of a cock; and at another theatre, where a French company were playing such pieces as "Jocko, or the Monkey of Brazil," there was no getting a place at any price, whereas she had places enough and to spare. And then her auditories, though composed of the *élite* of American society, "did not understand her,"—her magnificent elocution, the play of her physiognomy, and her admirable gestures, which excite so much admiration in France, were unperceived by them. They did not "the least in the world appreciate French tragedy; it is too serious, too grand for them;" they preferred "pantomime, comic songs, dancing, and scenes in the circus;" nay, to crown all, they did not even understand French, so that they were obliged to follow the actors book in hand; the consequence of which was, that, when Rachel was in the very midst of one of her most remarkable tirades, and was hoping that every eye was fixed on her, as at Paris, she had



CONJURER, DANSEUSE, AND BODY-GUARD OF A JAVANESE CHIEF.

ABORTION.—Dr. J. E. Mattock, of Varick street, was arrested on Saturday charged with manslaughter in causing the death of Isabella Matilda Macarthy, by procuring abortion at the house of Mrs. Bailey in Marion street.

ANOTHER.—Charles Reinhard, residing at No. 20 Orchard street, committed suicide on Sunday by swallowing arsenic. The deceased, it appears,

A project is now on foot to establish a line of steamers between Baltimore and Havana and Greytown, to touch *en route*, going and returning, at Norfolk, Virginia. The capital stock is \$200,000.

SUICIDE.—Mr. A. Haviland, a produce merchant, lately doing business at 220 Washington street, on Saturday committed suicide by cutting

GOLD IN NORTH CAROLINA.—*The American Eagle*, published in the County of Franklin, North Carolina, states that the slaves of the Portis Gold mine in that county, now the property of T. K. Thomas, Esq., found a few days ago several nuggets of gold, making about \$1,050; one piece was worth between \$800 and \$900—almost pure gold. Another piece was worth about \$120—intermixed with quartz—with several others worth from \$10 to \$40.

AMERICAN SHIPS.—The Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* says, that the decree authorizing the purchase of foreign ships and placing them under the protection of the French flag, on paying a duty of ten per cent, is operating favorably for American ship-builders. The writer has recently heard of the sale to French houses of the American bark Pamphilia, of Boston, of 523 tons, for 115,000 francs, and of the ship Marshall O. Roberts, of Maine, of 863 tons, at 240,000 francs, duty paid by purchasers. If peace comes, a great many American vessels will find a sale in France.

HEALING A BROKEN HEART.—A young lady named Rachel Wells has obtained a verdict in this city of \$5,000 against Captain Eleazer Crabtree, Jr., in an action for breach of promise of marriage.

CITY IMPROVEMENTS.—The Irving House is to have a marble front, and its rooms are to be altered to stores.

The late Legislature of Texas passed a law giving to Mr. Elizabeth Crockett a league of land. She is the widow of the respected and lamented David Crockett, who, after serving his country honestly and faithfully in Congress and other places of trust, was butchered at the Alamo, nobly fighting for the freedom of Texas.



JAVANESE WEAPONS OF WAR.



TYPES OF THE JAVANESE.



KNIVES AND WEAPONS OF THE CHASE.

her phrase interrupted by a general rustling in all parts of the house, caused by the simultaneous turning over of the leaves of the books. To read all this is amusing enough, but what gall and wormwood it must have been to a great *artiste* like Rachel, who had been greeted with the rapturous applause of every capital, and had received homage from almost every crowned head and every man of genius in Europe.

—*London Chronicle.*

FATAL CASUALTY.—A row of six stables which were being torn down in Water street, fell with a loud crash, Monday afternoon, and several children, who were around the premises, were buried under the ruins. One boy was taken out quite dead, and two little girls were so seriously injured that they are not expected to recover. Several others were slightly injured.

BIBLE MEETING.—A meeting was held at the Tabernacle Monday evening to consider the propriety of printing the Bible in newspaper form. Mr. Solomon Jenner presided. The Rev. Messrs. Parker, Graham, Wood, Loomis, and others addressed the assemblage. It is proposed to print the Bible in newspaper form for gratuitous circulation among the lowest and poorest classes. By such means it is hoped that those who would otherwise never read the Scriptures may be brought to a knowledge of the truths which they contain, and profit by them. Measures were taken to raise a fund for this purpose.

THE HENRY CLAY FESTIVAL.—The admirers of the immortal "Old Harry" will celebrate the birthday of the sage of Ashland by a banquet at the Metropolitan Hotel, on the 12th inst. The Hon. J. P. Kennedy and other distinguished persons have promised to be present on the occasion. The memory of Henry Clay still lives in the grateful hearts of the people of the United States, and we see that on the 12th inst. the Monumental Association will, in addition to their usual celebration, lay the foundation of a statue to perpetuate his fame.

BROADWAY PROPERTY.—The house and lot on the south-east corner of Great Jones street and Broadway, having twenty-nine feet frontage on the latter, was sold a few days since to Mr. Rufus Prime for \$50,500. The piece of property on the north east corner of Spring street and Broadway, now occupied as part of the Collamore House, was sold a week ago to Robert Carter, Esq., for \$55,500. An old Knickerbocker says, that thirty years since he bought a residence in Broadway, near Great Jones street, but was compelled to sell it at a low figure because it was considered at that time too far away from the business part of the city, and involved the necessity of keeping a horse and gig.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Mr. Juan Echeverria, a Cuban exile, attempted to drown himself on the 28th ult., but was rescued by Officer Busteded, and taken to the Lower Police Court. He was for nine months imprisoned by the Cubans for his political creed, and having escaped from his confinement, fled to this city, where he has lived almost in a state of destitution.

Miss Lydia Sears has been creating an excitement in Baltimore, by appearing in the streets in full Bloomer costume. She proposes to lecture on "Female Fashions," or females panting for their rights.



SUNDANESE WOMAN.

JAVANESE OF THE LOWER CLASS.

JAVANESE IN HOLIDAY COSTUME.

ed, had become very low spirited of late, in consequence of having little or no employment. He had been sent to the penitentiary about a year ago, for committing a felonious assault upon a boy, and this disgrace, it is supposed, weighed so heavily upon his mind that he determined to put an end to his existence.

his throat with a razor, at his residence, No. 47 McDougal street. Mr. Haviland had been a retired merchant, but was about entering into business again. He was a married man and leaves a wife and two children to lament his untimely end. No cause can be assigned for the act. He was about thirty years of age.

TENEMENT HOUSES.—The Tenant House Committee of the Legislature have terminated their investigations for the present. Suggestions of tenant house landlords and builders were received as to the best plan to be adopted for the future construction of tenant houses. A look was taken by some of the committee through the Eighth and Ninth Wards. In this portion of the city were found tenements exceeding any hitherto examined in respect to their dilapidated and untenable condition. A place was stumbled upon in Laurens street where were found living, in most beautiful harmony, blacks and whites. An assignment house was slightly looked into, but a thorough search was deemed extra-official, and the party retreated. The committee propose to offer a resolution directing them to continue their researches after the close of the present legislative term.

HEAVY BLOW.—THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY.—There was quite a storm on the bay on Friday, last week. The vessels in the slips fouled, and spars and rigging suffered not a little. The Staten Island Ferry, as usual, got out of order at the first blow. Two of the boats, the Sylph and Hunchback, were disabled. Fortunately no lives were lost. There was, in consequence, no six o'clock boat from the city on Friday evening, and no regular boat from the island on Saturday till eleven o'clock A. M. Many persons are abandoning the island and going to live in Brooklyn and Jersey in consequence of the irregularities and insecurity of this ferry.

DEATH BY INHALING STEAM.—Coroner Gamble held an inquest upon the body of a child, two years and eight months old, named Mary Rachael Billier, residing with her parents at No. 54 Orchard street, who came to her death by inhaling the steam from the mouth of a kettle of boiling water. Verdict—"Accidental death."

CITY RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Saturday afternoon, a little girl named Lucinda McMasters was knocked down and run over by one of the Fourth Avenue railroad cars, in the Bowery, near Grand street. The wheels of the vehicle passed over the lower joints of the child's legs, almost severing them from the body. The driver of the car, Ferdinand Campbell, was arrested by one of the Fourteenth Ward police, and was, on being brought before Justice Brennan, at the Essex Market Police Court, committed for examination. The little sufferer was conveyed to the New York Hospital for medical treatment. It is the opinion of the physicians in attendance that the injured child will not survive.

THE Union announces that as soon as the weather permits, if the Indians do not exhibit determined hostility, the great Salt Lake meridian will be run south far enough to embrace the settlements in Utah valley, and, if possible, far enough to take in all the Southern settlements.

A NEW Free-State paper has been started at Topeka, Kansas. It is called the *Kansas Daily Tribune*.

PLAN OF PUBLICATION.

This country edition will contain the latest metropolitan news, general miscellany, sporting chronicles of the turf and field; religious intelligence, music, and the drama, up to Thursday evening, and will be despatched early on Friday morning. The New York edition will be published on Saturday morning, and will contain the latest intelligences, foreign and domestic, markets, &c., up to the latest hour on Friday night.

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Subscriptions should be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York. Communications to Frank Leslie's Illustrated News

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 5, 1856.

THE birth of an heir to the throne of France is an event that naturally excites our interest. Republican though we are, we cannot but feel sympathy with the joy which it has shed on the heart of that excellent and amiable woman, whose career, presenting a parallel to that of Josephine in many respects, might have been blighted by the same withering disappointments, but for this fortunate consummation of her husband's hopes. In the general manifestations of gratification which this news has evoked, we are certain that this is the predominant feeling. Able as is Louis Napoleon as a ruler, men cannot forget the means by which he has arrived at his present eminence, nor the despotic and tyrannical character of his government. He waded his way to the throne through seas of blood, and he has sacrificed hecatombs of victims in the endeavor to consolidate it. But for him we should never have had the Paris massacres nor the Russian war with its fearful sacrifice of human life, and its profligate waste of money. The world, therefore, has no great reason to rejoice at an event which promises to perpetuate upon France the iron rule of his dynasty. On such occasions, however, the softer and more charitable feelings of our nature prevail. We think only of the gentle and admirable woman who shares the throne with him, and we are glad to have the assurance that no fancied state necessity can be alleged as an excuse for consigning her to the undeserved fate of Josephine.

But if for the mother Providence seems to have guarded against the greatest misfortune that could be reserved for her, what probability is there that the career of the child will be more prosperous than that of Josephine's son. When we recollect the brilliant prospects which crowned the birth of the latter, the almost frantic joy of the people over whom it was expected he would be one day called to reign, and the apparently impregnable position of his great father, and reflect that exile and an early death were the doom of this avatar of the Imperial hopes, we cannot but regard with doubt the future of this new scion of the Napoleon race. Were the power of his father based upon the love, the respect, and the confidence of his people, we might anticipate with more certainty the permanency of his dynasty. His throne is, however, built upon foundations which have no firmer consistency than sand. It is the strength of his personal character, his stern determination to achieve his ends by all means good or bad, and the unity of the despotic system which he has instituted, which alone impart to it a temporary stability. Were his iron rule to be relaxed for an instant, the whole machinery of his government would crumble into dust. His subjects fear him, but they do not love him, and they watch but the opportunity to regain the rights which he has wrested from them. It is impossible, in fact, that a people so enlightened and progressive as the French can submit, for any lengthened period, to a tyranny so oppressive as that which they are at present groaning under. They accepted it as a necessity of the period when it was imposed on them—as a welcome relief from the more unprincipled and cruel despotism of the Red Republicans. But we must not assume from this that they are by any means reconciled to the continuance of a system which they regarded in the light of a violent but unavoidable remedy. Constitutional government has too many charms for a proud and susceptible nation like them to render the experiment of a long deprivation of it a safe one. It was the conviction of this truth that forced Louis Napoleon to occupy their minds with the Russian war. The same necessity will compel him to seek fresh external complications in order to divert them from the contemplation of their domestic grievances. The misfortune of the Emperor's position is, that he cannot fall back upon the ordinary duties and resources of legitimate sovereigns. He must either dazzle like a meteor, or die out like a vulgar rocket. Were he to revert to old forms, and to govern *en bourgeois* like Louis Philippe, he would sink into an object of contempt and ridicule with his people. An illegitimate origin and common-place capacity would not long be tolerated by the French. They soon got tired of them in the person of the citizen king, even though he had Bourbon blood in his veins, and they would not bear with them half so long in the person of a Bonaparte. Hence the necessity for the grand designs, colossal efforts, and imposing effects which constitute Louis Napoleon's system of government.

It is obvious from all this, that if death were to remove the Emperor from the arduous and difficult task that he has undertaken, during the early minority of his son, the chances of the latter succeeding him would be slight indeed. A regency, even in the ablest hands, would fail to satisfy the impatient ambition of the French mind. Without attaching any value to the superstition which believes that the direct heir cannot succeed to the

French throne, we fear that, from political circumstances and the already mature age of his father, the case of the King of Algiers will prove no exception to the rule.

THERE is no doubt that the terms of peace have been fully agreed upon, and there is even reason to believe that by this time the treaty incorporating them is signed. The world has reason to congratulate itself upon this event. The influences of the war have been universally felt, and in several parts of Europe the distress occasioned by it has been so great as to lead to severe financial crises. Had the European Nicholas lived a few years longer his obstinacy would have aggravated these evils to an incalculable extent. It is fortunate for the happiness of the European populations that his son is a man of a more humane and Christian turn of mind. Alexander deserves well of his country for saving it from the sufferings of a long-protracted and useless struggle, and it cannot but add to his gratification to find that his conduct meets with the admiration and gratitude of the whole civilized world.

WE publish elsewhere a carefully prepared letter furnishing full details of the interesting and exciting events which have been lately transpiring in Nicaragua. Our correspondent brings up the events of each day to the departure of the steamer. Our artist-correspondent, Mr. Douglass E. Jerold, has also sent us several illustrations. Our arrangements are such that we shall be prepared to publish interesting letters by every mail, with accurate illustrations, and as our artist and correspondent are both connected with government offices, we shall be able to furnish our readers with the freshest and most reliable news. Our correspondents are travelling with a government commission, and will have ample opportunities for sketching interesting localities, including scenes at the seat of war. Public curiosity and interest in the United States are now largely directed to this country, and will necessarily appreciate truthful illustrations, descriptions of localities, and leading events. Our drawings reached us too late for this issue. They will appear in our next.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT CASES.—On motion of the U. S. District Attorney, *nolle prosequi* have been entered in the cases of all persons indicted for a violation of the law of the United States relative to foreign enlistments, except only those holding an official connection with the British Government. The cause of this proceeding is, that the question is not between the Government and individuals, but between the American and British Governments—the latter having virtually acknowledged the acts complained of as its own.

THE EUDORA TRAGEDY.—George Wilson, the colored man suspected of the murder of the captain and mate, and of scuttling the Eudora Imogene, has been discharged by the authorities of Westchester County, on the ground that the process or commitment was irregular and insufficient; that being, from this cause, entitled to a *pro forma* discharge, he cannot be remanded without the depositions clearly establish the *corpus delicti*, and connect the prisoner with the crime; the officer before whom a writ of this nature is returned cannot take notice of any facts which are not properly before him by virtue of the writ. His counsel, Mr. Millikin, accompanied the negro to the city, and it was understood that he would soon go to sea. That the man is guilty there is very little doubt, but the manner of disposing of the bodies renders it very unlikely that they will ever be recovered. He was again arrested on Monday, on a charge of mutiny on board the Eudora Imogene. He had the effrontery to come to the United States Marshal's office in search of some clothes which had not been sent back with him to Westchester Jail. A warrant was at once made out, and the culprit committed to the Tombs. The words of the statute applicable to revolt and mutiny are more broad than those of that under which the negro was first indicted; and it is possible that the jurisdiction of the United States courts may be held to cover this case.

THE COX DIVORCE SUIT.—In the Superior Court, before Chief Justice Oakley, the jury in the divorce suit of Parson Cox vs. his wife, gave a sealed verdict for the defendant. The jurors were severally polled, and each gave the above as his verdict. There was, as usual, an immense crowd in the Court room and around the doors. The counsel for the plaintiff took exception, and asked for twenty days to make a case, which application was granted. Mrs. Cox was not in Court, but the Parson was.

IMPORTANT DECISION RELATING TO THE SEPARATE ESTATE OF MARRIED WOMEN.—Judge Thompson has delivered an important opinion concerning the right of married women to assume the character of a partner, which is the first judicial decision since the act of 1848-49, regarding the separate rights of a *femme covert*.

MARCH 28.—*Scribner vs. Day and Van Duser*.—This action is brought against the defendants as partners and as makers of a promissory note for \$300. One of the defendants, Mrs. Van Duser, is a married woman, living with her husband, another defendant. The defendant, Mr. Van Duser, testified that the firm of Day & Van Duser was composed of N. S. Day and his (the witness') wife; that he, the witness, was a clerk or general agent of the firm, and was engaged by them at a salary of \$600 per year. A set off to the amount of \$50 was proved by the defendants.

THOMPSON, J.—Since the passage of the acts of 1848 and 1849 relating to the separate rights of married women, several cases have come under my observation wherein married women have been proceeded against as members of co-partnerships during coverture, and while actually cohabiting with their husbands. In all these instances, the right of a *femme covert* to assume the character of a partner has been predicated upon the investment of her separate estate in the business of the concern. At common law, a married woman, during coverture, cannot sustain the character of partner, because she is legally incapable of entering into the contract of partnership. (Collyer on Part., sec. 15.) She is incapacitated from advancing the first step towards the formation of articles of copartnership. An agreement of copartnership in such cases would amount to a mere *undum factum*, and be absolutely void. If the common law rule has been superseded or abrogated, it was accomplished by the statutes of 1848 and 1849. By the act of 1848 the real and personal property of any female who may thereafter marry, and which she shall own at the time of marriage, and the rents, issues and profits thereof shall not be subject to the disposal of her husband, nor be liable for his debts, but shall continue her sole and separate property, as if she were a single female. By the act of 1849, any married woman may take by inheritance or by gift, grant, devise or bequest, from any person other than her husband, and hold to her sole and separate use, and convey and devise real and personal property, and any interest or estate therein, and the rents, issues and profits thereof in the same manner and with like effect as if she were unmarried, and the same shall not be subject to the disposal of her husband, nor be liable for his debts. (2 R. S. 351.) These statutes were not intended, by any means, to remove all the common law liabilities incidental to the coverture of the wife, but only such as denied her the right to control her real and personal property. By these wise and prudent provisions her separate estate is not subject to the disposal of her husband nor liable for his debts. She may "convey and devise" real and personal property, but she can go no further. She cannot invest either in a copartnership firm, of which she may assume to be a member. She cannot by virtue of these enactments, during her coverture, assume the responsibilities and liabilities incident to the transactions of an ordinary business copartnership. They were intended only to protect her separate property, and not to seduce her from the retired spheres of domestic life into the busy mart of the merchant and the trader. They were designed to secure and protect her against the calamities which sometimes follow the misfortunes of her husband. It is not the policy of the law to hold out inducements to married women to embark in mercantile, commercial, or other public pursuits. It seeks rather to inculcate strict fidelity to domestic duties and obligations. In the case under consideration, Mrs. Van Duser cannot be held responsible as a partner. At most she can only be regarded as an agent or creditor of the firm of Day & Van Duser. If a married woman carries on trade, and her husband lives with her and receives the profits, or they are applied to the maintenance of the family, the law presumes that she was his agent in the trade. (1 Parsons on Contracts, 292.) As matter of law, then, this firm is composed of N. S. Day and George Van Duser; and the separate property of Mrs. Van Duser, invested in their business, can be considered only in the light of a loan of property to them by her, and, of course, might be levied upon by any of their judgment creditors. Judgment for plaintiff for \$253 38 and costs, against N. S. Day and George Van Duser.

HEAVY VERDICT.—A verdict for \$3,000 was rendered against the Central Railroad Company in Albany, last week, for injuries sustained by the plaintiff, in consequence of the cars being thrown off the track. He was a drover, and had a contract with the Company, and on his pass an exception to damages was printed. The defence relied upon this exception to exonerate them from liability, but the Court decided otherwise.

THE CONTESTED COMPTROLLERSHIP.—The trial of the case of Giles against Flagg, for the contested office of City Comptroller, was commenced Tuesday morning, in the Supreme Court, before Judge Emott, of the Second Judicial district, and a jury.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

Hon. Hiram Walbridge, ex-member of Congress, has purchased valuable real estate near Charlotte, Mecklenburg county, N. C.

Advices by private sources from New Mexico report that the Indians are quiet and suing urgently for peace.

Gen. Lane, the free State Senator elect from Kansas, arrived at St. Louis on the 28th ult., on his way to Washington. Affairs were quiet in Kansas when Gen. L. left.

The United States District Court for Kansas meets at LeCompton on the 7th inst., when, it is expected, the Grand Jury will take into consideration the charges against the members of the new Legislature and the Free State Government.

The Hudson River is open at Newburg, and the ferry boat between that place and Fishkill has commenced its regular trips.

The lowest temperatures in this city since Friday, 23, have been as follows:—Friday, 22 deg.; Sunday, 21 deg.; Saturday, 24 deg.; Monday, 20 deg. The temperature during March of the present year has not risen above 47 deg. In March, 1848, it did not rise above 48 deg.

J. B. Monnot, Esq., has sold his Hippodrome property to A. R. Eno, Esq., who is preparing to erect stores, and probably a large hotel upon the site.

John Z. Forney, of Pennsylvania, has been confirmed by the Senate as Commercial Agent for Monrovia, in Africa.

It is rumored that Mr. Belmont, our Minister at the Hague, is about to come home, and that Howell Cobb, of Georgia, will take his place.

Business on the Pennsylvania canal has opened with great activity. The amount of freight passing through from Philadelphia to Pittsburg is very large; and twice as much is returning.

The Brooklyn Society for the Relief of Aged Indigent Females, have received \$1,016, the proceeds of the concert at Plymouth Church last week.

The train which left Philadelphia March 29, for Pittsburg, was thrown down an embankment fifteen feet, and was only saved going into the river by the cars lodging in the trees. Two of the passengers were seriously injured, and others badly bruised.

At the late session of the Lyon (Ky.) Circuit Court, Mrs. Darham was convicted of murder in the first degree. The murder, in which she was an accomplice of her husband, took place several years since near Stracker's furnace. Her husband was convicted, but escaped.

The Cunard steamer Curlew, from Halifax for Bermuda, ran ashore on the North Breaker, off the latter port, at four o'clock on the morning of the 18th ult., and sunk in three minutes. The crew saved their lives, but the mails were lost. It was expected she would prove a total loss.

In the Lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature the resolution to amend the State Constitution, so that no person shall hereafter hold office in the State unless born in the United States, was defeated. Two-thirds were required in order to pass it, and the vote stood 166 for to 128 against.

The Pennsylvania Union Convention have nominated Darwin Phelps, of Alleghany, American, for Auditor; Bartholomew Laporte, of Bradford, Republican, for Surveyor-General, and Thomas E. Cochran, of York, Old Line Whig, for Canal Commissioner. They adopted a Free-Soil platform.

The National Republican Committee have confirmed the call of the Pittsburg Convention for a Republican National Convention to meet in Philadelphia, June 17th, to nominate a Presidential ticket. The several States are called upon to organize and appoint delegates.

The Legislature of New Jersey at the recent session incorporated, with very liberal privileges, the Long Wharf Company of Jersey City, capital stock \$500,000, with authority to borrow money, if this be not sufficient, for an extensive improvement on the Hudson River front opposite this city, and to build a rail track to and through Bergen Hill.

Roger Brand, of Charleston, Montgomery county, New York, hung himself on Wednesday, because he had to pay a \$300 encored note.

A party of twenty-eight emigrants for Kansas left Charleston on the 28th ult., and fifteen from the Orangeburg district left on the previous day.

Governor Metcalf of New Hampshire has appointed Thursday, the 10th day of April, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer throughout the State.

In the County House at Mount Holly, N. J., a few days since, the *Mirror* says, a boy who had committed some act requiring punishment, was put in a cell with a crazy man. Soon after, a wild fit came upon the man, and he seized the boy and killed him in a very short time—mangling him in a shocking manner.

Mr. Buchanan has sent home a fine original portrait of John Hampden, formerly the property of Mr. McGregor, M. P. for Glasgow, by whom it is presented, through Mr. Buchanan, to Congress. It is one of the only two original portraits of Hampden now in existence. It is on temporary exhibition in the Custom House at Philadelphia.

It is doubtful if the canal will be open by the first of May, as promised by the Commissioners. The work of enlargement has been greatly retarded, and if it is open by the middle of May, it is thought we shall be doing well.

Charles A. Schouler of Boston, in a temporary fit of insanity, Friday night, jumped from the third story window of the Massasoit House, Springfield, Mass., and died from the injuries received.

Ohio sent to this city last year about 40,000 head of cattle; Illinois over 22,000; Kentucky 10,500, and Indiana 9,000. There came over the Erie Railroad 56,789 cattle, and 224,879 hogs; the Hudson River brought 48,503 cattle. About 185,574 cattle were consumed as beef in this city.

Notice has been given of intended application to the proper authority, for the renewal of certificates and State stock, the originals of which were on board the Pacific.

The market at Washington, it appears, as in New York, is being overstocked with land warrants. The *Star* reports a further decline of four to five cents per acre.

The Old Line Maryland Whigs are to hold a State Convention on the 29th of April.

John W. Forney has retired from the Washington Union.

The Nova Scotia Legislature has passed the Maine Liquor Law, by 27 to 20, to go into effect immediately.

The Ericsson, in place of the Pacific, sailed for Liverpool, on the 29th ult., with ten passengers, but no specie.

Mr. Benton has written his political valedictory and purposes devoting his remaining days to literary and historical labors.

The Governor of Massachusetts has appointed Thursday, the 10th of April, to be observed as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, throughout the State.

Dr. Morton, of anaesthetic celebrity, is lying dangerously ill at Willard's Hotel, Washington.

At the last accounts from Texas, the Indians were still troublesome, and citizens on the frontier were organizing companies for protection.

The Alexandria Gazette states that the old line Whigs of Virginia, intend holding a convention at the White Sulphur during the summer.

The Legislature of Louisiana has enacted a registry law for the city of New Orleans.

The Charlottesville, Va., *Jeffersonian* calls attention to the fact that the late democratic State Convention of Virginia omitted to direct the vote of that State to be cast as a unit at Cincinnati.

The Worcester Spy says that at a recent auction sale in Spencer, potatoes were sold at prices ranging from seventeen to twenty-six cents a bushel, and that they can be bought in any quantity in that vicinity for thirty-three cents a bushel.

A nursery of five thousand peach trees, cultivated by Mr. Burnet, of Vincennes, Ind., has been all destroyed, with the exception of fifty, by the long-continued frost.

E. Brown & Co., of Fulton-street, have published a sheet of handsomely lithographed portraits of the captains of our city police.

The jury in the United States District Court at Trenton, N. J., have rendered a verdict in favor of Governor Price for \$195 39 against the United States government, leaving \$75,000 to be adjudicated on by Congress. The suit was for alleged defalcation while a purser in the U. S. Navy.

The Merchants' Exchange, and a number of other buildings and stores in Bath, Steuben county, N. Y., were destroyed by fire on the 25th ult. Loss \$25,000.

The Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania had its commencement on Saturday; 140 young doctors were turned loose upon the community.

The April rain came on Wednesday night in bounteous profusion.

It is stated that Dr. Graham, who killed Col. Loring at the St. Nicholas Hotel, and is now suffering the penalty of his crime in the State Prison at Sing Sing, is so ill that that he is not expected to live. He has, during his incarceration, been acting as apothecary.

The Galveston News of the 18th ult. says:—Mrs. Long, the surviving widow of General Long, the leader of the patriotic army in Texas in 1819—the lady who for months, and with but one servant, occupied the Fort on Bolivar Point, in 1819-'20—and Mrs. Eberly, the heroine of the Archive War in 1842, are now in Galveston, honored survivors of the first settlers of Texas.

The police are arresting some of the biggest impostors who blockade the sidewalk with hired children.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.

On the evening of Thursday, in Passion Week, at the church of the Holy Innocents in this city, Bishop Potter confirmed sixteen persons and preached. Holy communion was also administered. The service throughout was choral, and the church was well filled. We are glad to hear that a noble hearted layman has commenced an effort to relieve this young and promising parish from further pecuniary embarrassments, with a good prospect of success.

Quite recently, the following pleasing and interesting coincidence occurred in Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. Bishop Upfold of Indiana read prayers on his old parish church, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Dyman, present Rector, and Bishop Hopkins of Vermont preached. Thus was presented the unusual spectacle of three consecutive Rectors of Trinity Church, for thirty three years, officiating together on the same occasion, and two of them Bishops. Such a spectacle may never occur again. The congregation was greatly interested and affected by the scene.

The Sunday school of St. John's church, Providence, R. I. under the superintendence of S. S. Bucklin, Esq., have resolved to raise five hundred dollars, annually, for Missionary purposes in the Diocese of Iowa. A great and good example!

An enterprise is now in successful prosecution by the Bishop of Vermont, for the establishment of a rural Theological Seminary in his Diocese. To this Vermont has already contributed \$22,000.

The Rev. Edward Dennison has been appointed Chaplain to the Penitentiary in St. Louis, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Rev. A. B. Corby. The Bishop of Chichester, speaking of Church and State in England, says: There may come a separation of our Church from the State. I do not deny that possibility—God may call us to that trial, and that woe, and it may become our duty to bring it on.

Easter Sunday at Trinity Church New-York, was celebrated with the usual observances. The church was decorated in many places with flowers. Many other Episcopal churches in this city were also very handsomely decorated with flowers on that festival. This is beginning to be quite customary now. The Baptismal Font of Old Trinity was filled with a mammoth bouquet of the choicest and rarest specimens, and a beautiful wreath of janyones and evergreens hung from the peak of the carved bird that forms the architectural support of the reading-desk. In the service of the afternoon, the old custom of Easter Baptism was renewed. One male and fourteen female children were baptized. They were Sunday-school pupils—the first fruits of a system of visitation adopted, by which all parents of Sunday-school children are visited, in view of bringing them under the influence of the Church.

Trinity Church, New York, has undertaken a city mission in the district extending from Canal street to the Battery, through the agency of the assistant ministers in that church, and in St. Paul's, St. John's, and St. George's in Beekman street. The beneficiaries are poor, many of whom are immigrants. Strangers visiting the city, clerks and others are provided with sittings in the churches, as well as with pastoral care.

At St. Paul's, in Broadway, also, parochial and Sunday-schools have been established, especially designed to gather in the young. Every application for aid to the mission in this district is immediately attended to by visitation and inspection, and the petitioner is relieved, if found destitute and worthy. The abundance of work to be done in carrying out the design has rendered necessary the employment of extra parochial help. The mission has been only a few months in existence, but in so short a time it has effected much good, and promises more. The Rev. Dr. Vinton, gives his personal superintendence to the missionary operations, spending a portion of every day in the mission-room and in the visitation of applicants for relief.

We learn that at the recent confirmation held in St. George's Episcopal church, of which Rev. D. Tyng is rector, the number of persons confirmed was forty-eight. The size and liberality of this congregation, and the extensive benevolent operations carried on by it are well known. The customary Dorcas Society is efficiently sustained. The parish Sunday school numbers over one thousand scholars, and is one of the largest in the city. A mission Sunday-school is supported, numbering nearly three hundred, in which is included a department for German children, under the direction of a German superintendent. A chapel has also been established as a place of worship principally for the parents of the children attending the mission school, in which church services are held after the scholars are dismissed from their classes. Its congregation is large and flourishing. A sewing-school, under the charge of the young ladies of the church, is held on Saturday mornings, in which poor children are taught the industrial art of the needle. We learn that the church and chapel not only, but also both the Sunday-schools are imbued with a missionary zeal, and that by the personal solicitations of scholars large contributions are steadily made to the cause of missions.

The Rt. Rev. H. Potter, Provisional Bishop of this Diocese, confirmed one hundred on Easter-day; of which number forty-three were at St. Paul's Chapel, thirty-nine at St. Stephen's, and eighteen at the Floating Chapel, East River. This makes almost four hundred confirmed by the Bishop within eight days, from Palm Sunday to Easter-day inclusive. Since the last annual Convention—say the beginning of October—the confirmations in this Diocese already amount to one thousand and seventy. The Provisional Bishop speaks highly of the increasing thoroughness with which the parochial work is carried out, in almost every portion of the Diocese, and the results are shown in the large numbers added to the ranks of the faithful.

METHODIST.

The Rev. Henry Nicholson, late of Camden, N. J., recently sailed for this port for Buenos Ayres, where he expects to labor as a missionary. This clergyman was formerly a missionary in Spain, and was honored there by an imprisonment on account of the bold and earnest prosecution of his labors. As a preacher, Mr. Nicholson is zealous, fervent and eloquent, and speaks several modern languages fluently.

Unlike every other branch of the church catholic, the Methodist Church provides in her discipline for a periodical exchange of ministers from one field of labor to another. No preacher can occupy the same circuit or station more than two years consecutively, nor return again to the same charge till he has been absent four years. Neither can he remain in the same city over four years in succession, nor return to it, after such term of service, till he has been absent four years. If a presiding elder, he may remain four years on a district, but after that shall not be returned to the same district till he has been absent six years; and if either of our bishops ceases to travel at large among the people, without the consent of the General Conference, he is not allowed thereafter to exercise the episcopal office in our church. In this manner, about 5,000 ministers are kept rotating over the whole continent.

The Philadelphia Conference met on the 26th ult. at Trinity Church, Philadelphia; Bishop Scott presided. Last Wednesday, the Providence Conference met in the city of Providence; Bishop Baker presided. On the same day, the New England Conference met in Salem, Mass.; Bishop James presided. Next Wednesday, the New Jersey Conference will meet in the new Broad-street church, in Newark; Bishop Simpson will preside.

The Rev. P. S. Donaldson, M. A., of the Michigan Conference, was recently elected Principal of the Ohio Wesleyan French College in Delaware, Ohio, in the place of the Rev. C. D. Burritt, who was compelled to resign in consequence of ill-health.

Bishop Waugh recently preached the funeral sermon of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas E. Bond, senior editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, in the Light street church, Baltimore. The late Dr. Bond lived for many years in Baltimore, previous to his removal to this city.

The General Conference meets this year, during this month, in Indianapolis, Indiana.

We learn that the Methodist Book Concern in this city is about to publish a monthly paper, beginning with the present month. The new paper will be called *Good News*, will consist of four large pages, be edited by the corresponding Secretary, beautifully illustrated, and very cheap.

CONGREGATIONAL.

The Rev. George S. Kemp has been ordained Pastor of the Congregational Church in Windham, Conn.

The Rev. Willard Brigham, recently from Vermont, has been installed Pastor over the Church in Ashfield, Mass.

The Rev. Thomas Wilson, recently from Westford, Mass., has been installed over the Church in Stoughton, Mass. Mr. Wilson takes the place of the Rev. Albert Perry who was compelled by ill health to resign his charge.

The Rev. Wm. W. Atwater has received a call to the Congregational Church, in Elkhart, Indiana. The friends of Mr. A. in Hudson, Michigan, where he was when he received the call, testified their appreciation of his character and labors by presenting him with \$132.

The Rev. Jonathan Edwards has lately become the Pastor of Plymouth Church in Rochester, N. Y.

A new and beautiful Church has recently been dedicated at Cambridge, Henry county, Illinois. The Rev. Mr. Bartle preached the sermon from 1 Kings viii. 27. The Rev. J. Blanchard was also present and assisted.

The beginning of Mission Sunday-schools in Brooklyn was made in 1841 by the establishment of the Bethel School in Main street. It was founded as a Union School, receiving no aid from any church, and supported entirely by the teachers who engaged in it. The building in which it was first located has since become so dilapidated and cheerless, that new rooms have been taken on the corner of James and Garrison streets, and neatly and conveniently furnished. On Sabbath before last the first occupancy of the new building was made, and the number of scholars in attendance reached one hundred and sixty. These are poor children of a poor neighborhood, whose only opportunities of religious instruction are obtained in the Bethel. The school has been for seven years under the efficient superintendence of Mr. Andrew A. Smith, President of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association. There are eight Congregational Sunday-schools in this city, and perhaps about as many in Brooklyn. At the recent regular monthly meeting of the Sunday-School Teachers' Association, an election of officers for the ensuing year was held. S. S. Constant, Esq., was chosen President, and William Oland Bourne, Secretary. The standing committees were also selected. There are four of these—the Prudential, the Missionary, the Youths' Missionary, and the Sermon Committee. Thirty-three schools were represented. The Secretary announced the death of one of the veterans in the Sunday-school work, James B. Brinsmade, Esq., and paid an appropriate tribute to his memory.

The venerable and Rev. Dr. Prime died, suddenly, at the house of his son-in-law, A. P. Cunningham, Esq., of the N. Y. Observer, recently. He was well known as a Presbyterian minister of great ability, and author of the *History of Long Island*. He was a native of the island, having been born at Huntington, in 1785. His sons are men in active service; one of them is a physician at White Plains, two of them are clergymen and connected with the New York Observer, and one of them is a lawyer of this city, now traveling in the East. Dr. Prime has accomplished a long life of great activity and usefulness, and leaves behind a very large circle of friends to cherish his memory.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—*La Spia*.—The plot of this Opera we detailed last week. It lacks action, it is not dramatic, and what little interest is embraced in its scheme, rests almost entirely upon a gentleman (a brother of "Mrs. Harris") who does not appear upon the stage, but whose scrapes and dangers are duly detailed by letter and by oral information. This is a lame construction, and robs the whole plan of vitality. Like most serious Italian Operas—although in this case, strange to say, nobody dies—everybody is exceedingly miserable, shamefully persecuted, and generally inclined to despair and madness. The young lady has some spiritually ecstatic revelations on the subject of her absent lover, but she speedily subsides into extreme dejection.

It is very difficult to speak of music of the class to which Sig. Ardit's Opera belongs; we have to avoid the two extremes, the one that we should say so much that our readers would suppose it good, and the other that we should say so little that it would lead them to suppose it bad. In the one case they would not fail to garnish our common place praise and expect to much; in the other they would double our condemnation and do the author an injustice. Respectable mediocrity ought to be more popular than it is, for ninety-nine out of every hundred who profess anything occupy that position. But it is not popular, and although the public swallow it as they do their daily bread, with becoming resignation, they do not relish it, and we do not feel called upon to add a spice or a tasty sauce to disguise its unpalatableness.

Sig. Ardit in commencing his career as an Operatic writer was in possession of some important requisites. He had a general and practical knowledge of orchestral writing; he knew the resources of the Orchestra as far as relates to the capacities of the several instruments and ordinary combinations, and was safe as regards the effect of his scoring. But the application of that knowledge in its results is dependant upon the mental stature of the composer. The merest driver in prose may understand the language as well as the poet, but while the one deals it out in common-place nothings, the other vivifies it and throws in to it a glow of imagery and a living soul.

Signor Ardit had also a long and active experience in the machinery of Italian Opera. His position as conductor made him acquainted with all the scores, and such experience would naturally teach him what to accept and what to reject. We think that few writers have commenced their labors under more favorable circumstances, and in this Opera has not met with a success equal to its opportunities, the fault is in itself. The general character of the music, if we may apply that term to music which is without distinctive character, is extreme smoothness; its sameness and want of idea is falling upon the ear, and the mind becomes drowsy; the imagination torpid under its soporific influence. Each *motivo* seems the echo of the other; we are impressed with the belief that what we are now hearing we heard a moment before, and still there is so little individuality in it that at the end we remember nothing. Of generous, emotional music, there is but little in the Opera. All that it contains (the exception to the rule) is bestowed upon the role of La Grange. A dimmy brilliance characterizes the *stretta*; a shallow depth characterizes the *arias*. Many of the numbers begin well, and the mind is half-aroused in the expectation that something is coming to vary the monotony, but after a brief measure of four bars the inspiration fails and sinks into the commonest platitudes. The reminiscences of Donizetti and Verdi are countless, but they do not continue long enough to redeem the rest. The resources of counterpoint and harmony are sparingly used; the mere melodic smoothness being the only aim and end.

The accompaniments are very brilliant, indeed, so much so, that they assume an undue preponderance. They are perpetually working away at some figure which, however ingenious in its construction, cannot be brought into any relevancy with the sentiment or action. They are figures made for the figure's sake, but there are many which as mere music without intent or design, that are both pleasing and ingenious, and well worked and sustained. Although master of the capacities of the instrument, Signor Ardit is not master of their characteristics. He uses them indiscriminately, and his coloring is consequently, poor and ineffective. Contrasts there are few, and these, at most, from loud to soft and from soft to loud. There is, of course, much noise, for national enthusiasm is commonly supposed to be uproarious and mouthy, although many believe it to have been in the days of which *La Spia* treats, deep, earnest and abiding, displaying itself more in deeds and sacrifices than in shouts and fustian.

Our duty to the art enforces us to say that we do not believe music has gained one original thought—one progressive idea by the composition of *La Spia*. As a composition it may be compared, in a higher degree of course, with the manufacture of a patch-work quilt; and the merits of the musician may be classed (still in a higher degree) with those of the skillful needlewoman, whose success depends upon her taste and judgment in assorting, matching and contrasting the varied remnants which form the material for her work.

We cannot say that it is a musician's work, for that implies the presence of much that is not to be found in it, but it is the work of a practical musician in that school which is only enduring when the composer possesses that rare gift of God, pure musical inspiration.

There are some pleasing and pretty things in *La Spia* which, apart from the Opera, may become current with the public. The female chorus in the second act, "*Chiediam se qui venia*," the *duo* between Mary and Frances, and the *aria* for the latter in the same act, the *septette*, which is the best composition in the Opera, and the *bauxet* for Tenor voices, are, above all, the most noticeable and praiseworthy.

As we have said, the music entrusted to La Grange is the most earnest, and it gained much additional interest from the magnificent style in which she rendered it. She is truly a glorious artist; she used her best efforts and threw all her vocal and dramatic power into the role, in her earnest desire for the success of the work. If her splendid talents could have saved it, it would have been saved, for she reserved nothing. Miss Hensler sang most charmingly. She is gaining rapidly that artistic *abandon* which she has hitherto so much needed, and without which art cannot simulate nature. Her execution is beautifully articulate, and although her powers were taxed most inordinately in the upper register, she sustained herself to admiration throughout.

Signori Brignoli and Morelli sang with their accustomed excellence, but Morelli was a very business-like lover, and Brignoli a most lover-like patriot. If the tenor is not a lover upon the stage, he is not anything, and if the Bass is not a villain (according to custom) he seems like a fish out of water. The choruses were most excellently sung, and the orchestra obeyed the will of the director. The Opera was withdrawn after five nights' performance, and the last night of the season was devoted to Verdi's *Il Trovatore*.

Whether there will be a spring season or not depends upon the acceptance by the Company of a proposition made to them by the manager, Mr. W. H. Paine. We have heard the conditions, and we think them highly creditable to the liberality of the manager. He has sacrificed much for the cause of Italian Opera; he has been a heavy loser, and while he asks nothing for himself, he opens to the Company a two months' engagement, for which a fair compensation is certain and a full payment is probable. Common sense would dictate the acceptance, with gratitude, of such an offer, and we trust that it will prevail.

THIRD SUNDAY EVENING CONCERT.—The third Sunday evening concert, under the direction of Carl Bergmann, was given on the 30th of March at the City Assembly Rooms. The attendance was very good, although not as large as the excellence of the programme deserved.

Robert Schumann's *symphony* in D minor was performed for the first time in America. The first movement was bold in its start, but it fell off immediately into elaboration, and the breadth of idea was quite merged in the endeavor for scientific display. The use of the trombones constantly clashing in seconds is extremely harsh, and the effect as a novelty does not compensate for the discords so prominently thrown forward. The *Romanza*, which is a very charming movement, leads into the *scherzo*, and that merges into the finale, without any positive close. The trombones are used in the last movement the same way as in the first, and the effect does not become more agreeable by repetition. On the whole, we cannot look upon this symphony as a great work, and we consider it decidedly inferior to this composer's other works played by the Philharmonic.

The *Andante* of Beethoven's immortal *Septuor* was very badly played; it was given utterly without sentiment or effect. It was by no means a performance worthy of the excellent artists who played it.

The *Fingal's Cave*, by Mendelssohn, was fairly played, and the March from *Tannhauser*, which is an extremely commonplace affair, was performed with great spirit and fine effect. It was encored. (The *Grand Overture* by Carl Bergmann is a musician's work, but does not offer any very salient points for remark.)

Miss Henriette Behrend sang three pieces. The second an *Ave Maria* by a new and much praised song writer—Robert Franz. If this *Ave* is a fair sample of his compositions, we cannot but believe him very much over-rated. Miss Behrend sings with effect, and was encored in *Fosca's Wanderer*. These concerts will be continued, we understand, every Sunday evening.

GOTTSCHEK'S ELEVENTH SOIREE.—The eleventh Soiree of the admired and popular Gottschalk was given on Friday evening the 28th, at Dodworth's Rooms. Notwithstanding the powerful attraction of the New Opera, the Soiree was crowded to overflowing, so that over a hundred had to stand, and very many left, unable to obtain admission.

Gottschalk of course played admirably and was applauded to the very echo and encored in almost every piece. The Brothers Mollenhauer, who are truly excellent artists, played most admirably and were warmly received and loudly applauded.

MISS HENRIETTE BEHREND gave her First Concert in New York on Saturday evening, March 29th, at Niblo's Saloon. It was well attended.

J. FRANKLIN BASFORD's Pianoforte Recital took place at Dodworth's Rooms, on Friday evening. We shall notice it next week.

MISS KIMBERLY—*Hiawatha*. On Monday evening, April 7th, Miss Kimberly, who is so well known as a leading actress in the United States, proposes to give a Reading of Longfellow's Poem of *Hiawatha*, at Hope Chapel. This lady, from the remarkable beauty of her style of reading, will, we have no doubt, render perfect justice to this remarkable and admirable poem. We remember with much pleasure her fine conception and execution of Shakespeare's Mid-Summer Night's Dream, some three years ago, and with that remembrance we feel certain that *Hiawatha*, in her hands, will have an added charm of an eloquent and artistic interpretation. We call the attention of our readers particularly to the Reading at Hope Chapel, on Monday evening next.

THE DRAMA.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The varied and charming ballets in which Mdle. Robert appears nightly prove most fascinating and attractive. She is the embodiment of grace; and in everything she does there is a refinement and a modesty worthy of all praise, and a poetical grace and sentiment that elevate the mere saltatorial achievement. Whether it is in "*Les Ailetes*," the "*Barber*," or "*Terpe-*

core," we always find some new gesture, grace or *pose* to admire and to praise. In plain prose, she is a *dansseuse* whose equal has rarely appeared in this country, and whose superior never.

The fine acting of Antoine Ravel and those concerned with him, the magnificent scenery and surroundings, and the real and hearty fun of the plot, have made a brilliant success of the popular spectacle extravaganza of the "*Green Monster*." It has been played to crowded and brilliant audiences during the two past weeks, and the demand for its repetition continues so urgent, that it will be performed every night next week, in connection with the beautiful ballets in which Mdle. Robert will appear.

Mr. Niblo is expected back soon, when additional novelties will be presented to the patrons of this admirably conducted establishment.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The attraction at this theatre during the past week, has been of a high artistic character. Professor Keller and his company numbering twenty-seven performers, male and female, appeared in a series of *Tableaux Mythologiques et Religieux*. The *Tableaux* are introduced by means of dramatic sketch, in which the prominent members of the Broadway establishment appear. The sketch entitled *Phanor and Azenas*, gives a life to the representation, connects the *Tableaux* or accounts for their appearance, and fills up the time necessary to prepare them.

The *tableaux* represented by the *Keller Troupe* are elaborate compositions, containing many figures, the subjects being chiefly chosen from the old masters in painting and sculpture. They are classically pure, elevating in their tendency, and are studies of grace and design worthy the contemplation of our best artists. The *tableaux* represented this week were *The Triumph of Galatea*, *The Golden Shower*, *Famine*, *The Battle of the Amazons*, *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*; *The Queen of Flowers*, and *Washington Crossing the Delaware*. These are all so beautiful in their several ways that we cannot individualize to praise without doing injustice to the others; still we must say that the acting of Mr. Keller, in the *tableaux* of *Famine*, was thrilling and powerful, and stamped him as an artist of surpassing excellence.

These *Tableaux* have attracted crowded audiences during the week. Each *Tableau* has been encored nightly, and the artists have been rewarded with hearty and continued applause.

We have never seen anything comparable with them in point of beauty and grace of design, or in the perfection of draping and the exquisite harmony and arrangements of color.

The company will continue their performances next week, and will appear in a series of the world-renowned *Scriptural Subjects*, by Paul Veronese, Murillo, Rubens, and Raphael. We commend these *Tableaux* to the patronage of the public, for they are in every way worthy of it.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—Mr. Wallack continues to attract the most crowded and fashionable audiences that were ever gathered together in this popular place of amusement. Night after night the house is filled within a brief time after the opening of the doors. As yet he has devoted himself to Shakespearean character only, and in these it would be hard to point out a blemish, or suggest an alteration for the better, so perfect is his reading, so genial his conception, and so finished his rendering.

The Shakespearean plays performed this week were *As You Like it*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*. The support which Mr. Wallack receives from his admirable company is efficient and sufficient, and an ensemble is presented which, in artistic excellence, cannot be equalled through the whole length and breadth of the country. We shall not individualize where each were so excellent, but content ourselves by awarding our hearty praise to all concerned.

The farces which follow the plays are well selected and strongly cast. This evening, Saturday, April 6th, *Much Ado about Nothing* will be performed for the last time this season, Mr. Wallack appearing as *Benedick*, and Mrs. Hoey as *Beatrice*.

LAURA KEENE'S VARIETIES.—*Camille* and *Novelty* have remained the staple attraction at this theatre during the past week. For three weeks *Camille*, by the help of Miss Laura Keene's glorious acting, and the aid of *Novelty*, which is now some seven or eight weeks old, has filled the Varieties with fashionable and delighted audiences. We can only remark upon these performances that they are unique and admirable, and that frequent repetition has not abated one jot of their powerful charm and attraction.

This evening, Saturday, April 6th, Mr. G. R. Dickinson will make his first appearance as *Edgar Ravenswood*, in the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Miss Laura Keene and Mr. George Jordan will appear in *A Morning Call*, and the performance will close with *Novelty*.

On Monday evening, April 7th, a new comedy by the author of "*Masks and Faces*," "*Still Water runs deep*," &c., &c., entitled "*The King's Rival*," will be produced at this favorite establishment. It will be supported by a most powerful cast, and will be produced with new scenery and appointments. Report speaks very highly of the comedy, and we understand that the most elaborate care has been bestowed upon its varied details. We expect much from this comedy and from the artists who will present it to the public.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—The brilliant and successful run of "*Aladdin*," or "*The Wonderful Lamp*," is about to be interrupted to make way for other popular performances and novelties. "*Aladdin*" will be withdrawn as an evening performance, but will be given, by special request, on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons, during next week. An engagement has been effected with that wonderful child-actress Little Cordelia Howard, and she will appear on Monday evening next, April 7th, in a new local drama called "*Ida May*," or "*The Kidnapped Child*," written and adapted expressly for this young and talented child.

Little Cordelia Howard will represent the stolen child *Ida May*, and she will be sustained by the best strength of the establishment.

BROADWAY VARIETIES.—*Black-eyed Susan* is at length to give way, to yield its way to another attraction. It has had an extraordinary run—as extraordinary as it has proved profitable, and we believe that it would have drawn full houses for some time to come. On Monday evening next, April 7th, *The Golden Farmer* will be produced with all the strength of this talented company of Comedians.

No one should neglect to visit this pleasant place of entertainment, in the belief that they would only see a childish performance. We would dissipate such an idea, for though the actors are children, there is a perfection in all they do that may well satisfy the most exacting of stage-goers. There is so much real talent in the company, that we recommend it to our readers without hesitation, and we do not fear to be reproached by those who follow our advice.

BUFFALO THE GREATEST GRAIN MARKET IN THE WORLD.—It is only eighteen years ago that the first cargo of wheat was landed upon the wharves of Buffalo. Giles Williams is said to have brought there to be sold, in 1838, the initiatory shipment of grain in a commerce which, in 1855, amounted to more than a quarter of a million of bushels of breadstuffs. The Secretary of the Buffalo Board of Trade has presented to that body this summary of the grain receipts at Buffalo, by lake and railroad, for the year 1855:

Total receipts of grain, bushels.....20,002,647

Flour reduced to wheat, do.....5,019,530

Total bushels.....25,022,177

Upon his statement that sixteen millions of bushels of wheat, corn, oats, barley and rye changed hands in Buffalo last year, the Secretary claims that that city is the greatest grain-market in the world. That it is the greatest grain port in the world the following table of receipts shows:

	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Oats, Rye, Barley, bush.	Total bush.
Odessa.....	5,600,000	—	1,440,000	7,040,000
Galetz & Ibrella.....	2,400,000	5,000,000	320,000	8,320,000
Pantzies.....	3,080,000	—	1,328,000	4,408,000
St. Petersburg, all kinds.....	—	—	—	7,200,000
Archangel, ".....	—	—	—	9,528,000
Riga, ".....	—	—	—	4,000,000
Chicago, (1855).....	7,115,250	7,517,616	2,000,928	16,638,818
Buffalo, (1855).....	13,120,616	8,722,516	3,097,461	25,022,177

COLLISION OF THE JOHN RUTLEDGE WITH AN ICE-BERG, 20TH OF FEB. 1856.

The winter just passed has been more prolific than any known for disasters on the sea. A large number of vessels bound to this and other ports of the United States have not yet been heard from, although most all of them have been out from one to two months beyond their time. It appears that there are *sixty* due up to the present date. Old and experienced sea captains state, that they never saw the ocean so much obstructed with ice below a certain latitude, as it has been during the past winter. They have found it utterly impossible to avoid it, and have been detained several days before they could extricate their ships. Up to the 5th of January, the winter was mild, but on the evening of that day a tremendous snow storm set in, which extended from Washington City to Halifax. It was during this storm that the schooner Pacific, the Spanish bark Duke de Braganza, and an unknown brig were wrecked on the Jersey coast, and over thirty lives lost. To these were soon added thirty other vessels wrecked in our immediate vicinity. Rumors then came of vessels that had gone down in the middle of the ocean, among which was the melancholy fate of the New York packet ship St. Denis. Of those on board this vessel, numbering forty-two persons, only eleven were saved, and those all members of the crew.

The only shipwreck which seems to have been caused by the ice is the John Rutledge, which was lost on the 20th of February by coming in collision with an iceberg. Her crew and passengers to the number of one hundred and twenty, took to the boats, but only one was saved, and the story of his sufferings during a period of nine days in an open boat, surrounded by ice, and four days of which he was without food or water, is one of the most painful narratives recorded of marine disasters. The collision of the John Rutledge with the iceberg took place between nine and ten o'clock, on the morning of the 20th of February. The ship immediately

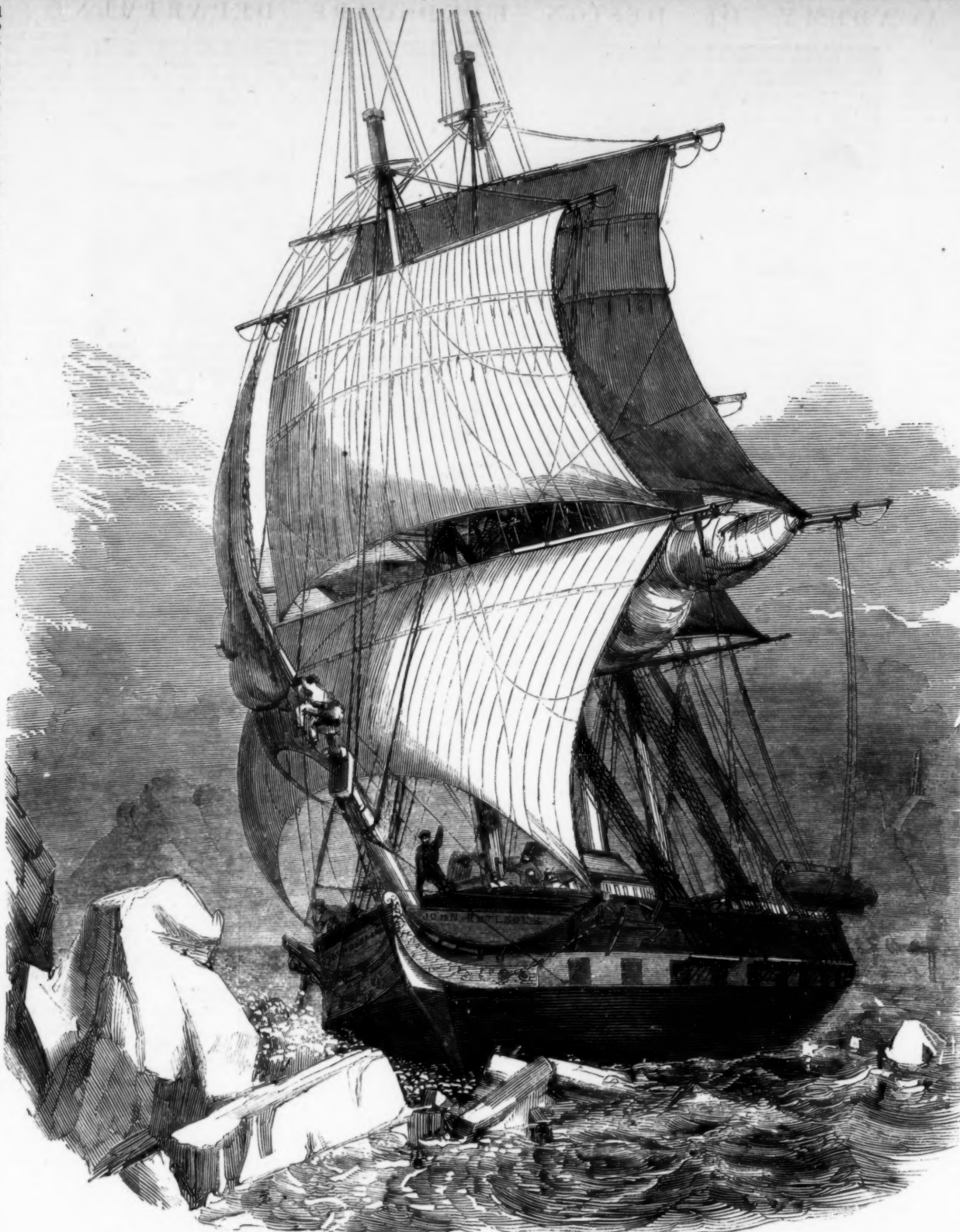
commenced leaking, and the Captain decided to abandon her at six o'clock the same evening. There were five large boats attached to the ship, in which one hundred and thirty-four persons were to be saved. The fate of four of these boats and their unfortunate crews will be forever involved in mystery. The extraordinary survival of Thomas W. Nye, of New Bedford, gives the soul-harrowing particulars of the fifth. Of the thirteen persons in this boat, there were four women, one little girl, five male passengers, Mr. Nye, and the boatswain. For the subsistence of these people there was only one gallon of water and six or eight pounds of bread. Soon after the boat broke adrift from the ship, night came on, and the wretched prisoners began to realize their situation. Day after day only dawned to raise their spirits anew with hopes of succor, which the long dreary night turned to the bitterness of despair. Thus time passed until the third day, when one of the passengers sunk under the combined effects of cold and hunger, and his body was committed to the deep. Then a woman died in the arms of her husband, and her corpse was silently dropped into the sea. The fourth day came, still no ray of hope was visible, the cold increased, and neither food nor water could be obtained. Human nature could bear up no longer, when lo! a sail appeared in sight. Every effort was made to reach the vessel, but in vain, the wind freshening she disappeared from sight. A burning thirst now consumed the survivors, and heedless of young Nye's persuasions they fell to drinking salt water—this infatuation was followed of course by delirium and death. One by one they lost their reason, grew madder and madder—dreamed of dainties, of rich food, of home and friends. At length worn out by the intensity of their sufferings their features became haggard, their eyes assumed a glassy look, their forms seemed to shrink away, and amid the lurches of the sea they tumbled stiffened corpses into the bottom of the boat.

As the work of death went on, young Nye, as long as his strength lasted, threw the victims into the sea. The boatswain and Mrs. Atkinson, both originally of strong constitutions, now became violent, and attempted to

destroy all they could before death came to their relief. On the sixth day, as well as Nye can recollect, there was only himself, a woman, and a little child alone in the boat. Before sunset the child died, and the day following the woman breathed her last. Nye now made an extra effort, and threw the body of the child overboard, but that of the woman, together with the bodies of three others, was so entangled in the thwarts that he was unable to extricate them. Now feeling a strong sense of drowsiness come over him, he fastened a red shirt to an oar, and hoisting it to attract any passing vessel, he sank exhausted into the stern of the boat. He did not sleep, but passed his time in making visions. Relieved by his repose, the sight of his ghastly companions filled him with gloomy forebodings, but he resolved to bear up bravely, and his spirit saved his life.

On the 28th of February, eight days after taking the boat, a ship appeared in sight which proved to be the packet Germania, Capt. Wood, from Havre to New York. When Capt. Wood discovered the helpless object floating on the sea, he immediately ordered one of his own quarter-boats to be lowered, and sent an officer to see what it contained. As relief came in sight poor Nye moaned, "for Jesus Christ's sake take me out of this boat." The prayer was answered, Nye was lifted with tenderness into the rescuing boat, while the other with its load of death was towed at its stern. Once in the cabin of the Germania, Captain Wood and his amiable lady nursed him with parental tenderness—and to this attention, under a kind providence young Nye is indebted for his life. The boat of the John Rutledge upon examination was found half full of water, with the dead bodies half decomposed, and blood scattered on the seats. The corpses were thrown into the sea, the boat was then thoroughly cleared, and hoisted on board of the Germania.

Young Nye, whose sufferings will add a new page of interest to the horrors of shipwreck, is but nineteen years of age, of an olive complexion, and naturally of a thin and wiry make. His mind is still bewildered, more especially when allusions are made to the dreadful scenes through which he has passed.



DESTRUCTION OF THE PACKET-SHIP, "JOHN RUTLEDGE" BY AN ICEBURG.



AWFUL SITUATION OF YOUNG NYE, THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE "JOHN RUTLEDGE."

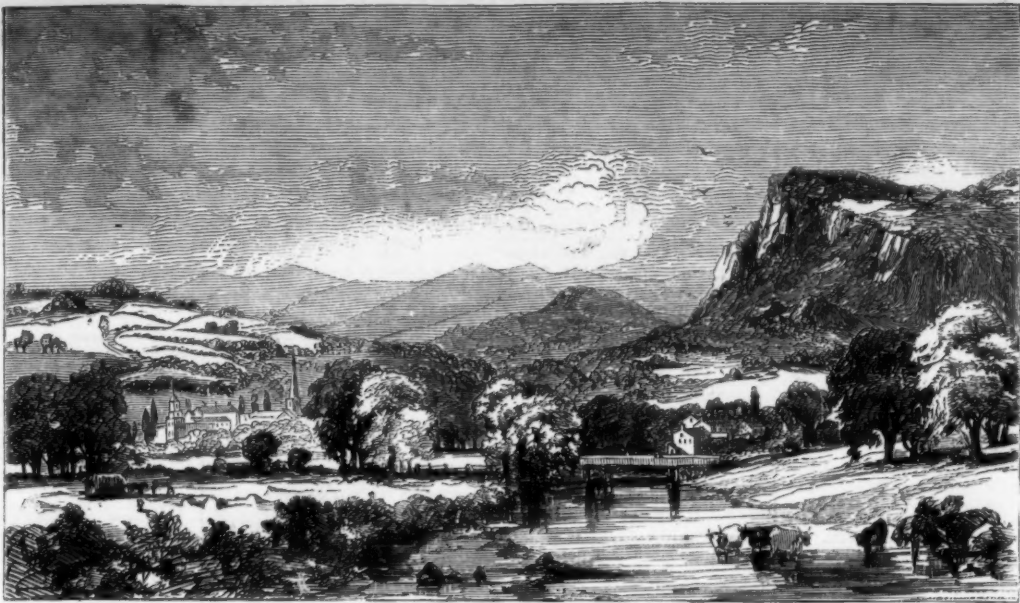
ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—LANDSCAPE DEPARTMENT.

ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE thirty-first annual exhibition of the Academy of Design is now open, and the rooms are daily crowded with visitors. This fact—we mean the crowd of visitors—answers the complaint so often made by the thoughtless, that in America there is no love for the fine arts; give the people anything worth seeing, and there will always be an audience; give them something worth buying, and there will be purchasers. In looking upon the walls of the present exhibition, in one respect one of the most attractive ever offered, if we did not find promise of a new school, and a more healthy state of things among our artists than has heretofore existed, we should certainly have remained silent. It is not pleasant to condemn; and our columns can be better occupied than by repeating the indiscriminate praise that is annually heaped upon certain "favorite artists." The marked defect of the regular exhibitions of the Academy of Design, a defect which has grown more apparent every year, is the *absence of color*. To us, the first impression has been a chilliness such as is experienced in looking into the Cave of the Winds at Niagara Falls—everything is gloomy, as if a Scotch mist hung over the walls.

It is not our purpose to discuss the value of color; its place, in our opinion, is of the first importance, although we are prepared to admit that many of the highest works of art have no other expression than design and outline; yet it would be folly to say that these works would not be increased in interest, if they glowed in the true tints of nature, and brought the additional charms of color to set off their other merits.

If American artists succeed at all in establishing a school, it must be as colorists. Our atmosphere by nature is more prismatic than any other, our landscapes more varied, our sunsets more brilliant. Cole was the first who truly felt the force of what we have stated, and his triumphs still remain unapproachable. His imitators, who are legion, grope their way in darkness, and will never succeed until, like Cole himself, they unfold their canvas in the noon-day light. To such an extent has color been ignored by the teachings of the Academy of Design, that its venerable President,



NO. 148. CHENANGO RIVER SCENERY.—J. F. CROPSY.

designate one academician who can only distinguish black and white; but the third variety of color-blindness, strange as it may seem, really represents the case of almost every artist who has for years exhibited on the Academy walls. This third variety includes those with whom the primary colors red, blue, and yellow, are confounded with the secondary and tertiary colors—such as green, purple, orange, and brown. Artists thus affected see yellow most distinctly, blue is also recognised, but red, which includes the warm tints, is always perplexing, and is mistaken for green, and often for black. Now any one who has been in the habit for years past of visiting the Academy of Design, will perceive in our clear diagnosis of color-blindness, the origin and cause of the dull hue, and the sameness of aspect in the majority of the pictures exhibited,—the artists by nature being

incapable of clearly distinguishing the red in nature, and substituting sickly-hued green, or absolute black.

Having thus, by scientific research, been furnished with a key to the cause of the defects of our Academy exhibitions, some of the results which will flow from the discovery will not be without their weight in the future of American art. The juvenile artist, or aspirant for artistic fame, will, upon this exposition, cheerfully surrender his palette, when he learns that by nature he is blind to its polychromatic surface, and will be induced to turn his attention where form and outline, light and shade, aerial perspective, and other achromatic aspects of pictorial objects, as are only required in engravings and drawings on wood.

Artists, however, are not alone color blind: the critics in art often suffer from the

same defect—and as they lead to a very great extent the public taste, we see them unqualifiedly praising certain pictures, and holding them up for admiration, which are truly defective, and thus help on and confirm the faults to which we allude, and encourage not only color blindness, but absolutely the art blindness of the multitude. As an illustration of our ideas, we will take the pictures of Mr. H. P. Gray. In many qualities of high art, he has no superior in our city. His drawing is generally good, his designs are always



NO. 77. EVENING AT PAESTUM.—J. F. CROPSY.

sweet and appropriate to the subjects represented, his children are in attitudes of blessed childhood, and often have a beauty about the drawing of the face, particularly the eye, that is charming to behold. While nature has been profuse, enriching him with varied powers, she has withheld in most singular parsimony, the least idea of color, and Mr. Gray furnishes an example of color blindness, such as is not afforded in the entire volume explaining the theory.

We will take Mr. Gray's picture No. 44, portraits of children. We cannot conceive any thing, in many elements of an excellent picture, sweeter or more charming. One cannot fail to stop before these shadows of childhood and admire, and yet so strangely are they wrought over with the mould of age, that they become unsatisfactory and in fact offensive to the eye—and yet there are gentlemen whose opinions in most intellectual matters are worth respecting, who will pronounce Mr. Gray's pictures perfect. Now we presume the parents of these "rose buds" are also satisfied with the delineations and that they absolutely see a resemblance between their own loved ones and these strange portraits. Mr. Gray, by the defective organization of his eye, looks upon the pearly glowing, but still

warm, healthful forehead of his little sitters, and it suggests nothing but parchment—the cerulean blue of the developing eye, the rosy lip, the delicate tints of the half-formed nostril, the straggling veins, the rosy hues of the cheeks,—colors in fact that are combined from all that is delicate, soft, and attractive in nature, have no place on Mr. Gray's palette, and he can take all the loveliness, the heavenly expression of beauty, and find nothing but decay and ruin—the child, the developing buds, the half-formed tints, the youth, the struggling promise of vitality, are smothered under mould, decay, and the phenomena of death!

Suppose the children we allude to were sitting at home in the very attitudes portrayed in the picture, and that by some awful internal disease their flesh should suddenly assume the appearance indicated by Mr. Gray, would the parents hang over their offspring with delight?—would they exult in their beauty, rejoice in their strength? On the contrary, would they not be filled with horror?—would they not feel that death had usurped the place of life, and that the grave was their only fit hiding place?

Landscapes are frequently to be seen, that have little more color than photograph drawings. We remember one last year, executed by a gentleman not unknown to fame, in which the objects of the entire picture were made out with different shades of green: houses, trees, sheep, grass, and even travelled roads, were all of the same color, as if one was examining nature through a stained glass. Now it is incomprehensible to us, except on the newly started theory of color blindness to account for such hallucinations: it is impossible for us to explain, except on that theory, why the public will admire and purchase such strange misconceptions of nature. That the Academy has, of late years, done much to foster the evil we complain of, there cannot be a doubt; for a picture that has the least glow, the least warmth, has been looked upon by many with all the horror of a fox in a hen-roost, and the work of the author of such atrocity has been either "left out," or exalted to such a high place of "ceiling obscurity" as to completely disgust him with the exhibition, or disgust him with color.



NO. 174. THE FORD.—A. D. SHATTUCK.

A new era, however, is evidently dawning upon the future of art. In spite of the drawbacks of which we complain—in spite of the paralyzing influence of the Academy itself, landscape painting seems to be on the eve of a great triumph. Some of the younger disciples have got at last into the field; they are beginning, like young eagles, to look at the sun at its coming. If they persevere in well doing, a few years will bring about a change that can now be hardly realized, and American landscape painting will stand unrivalled among the schools of art.

No. 148. CHENANGO RIVER SCENERY.—J. F. CROPSY. This artist more fully than any other of our established landscape painters renders the actual in his pictures. In looking upon them, we realize space, form, light, and shadow—air without smokiness, color pure and unadulterated—strength and picturesque combination, are all among his characteristics; his faults are those arising from too great a rapidity of execution, leading him at times into a want of unity and refinement. The picture we have chosen for our illustration has a refreshing, invigorating, out-door quality, which distinguishes it from all other landscapes in the room. It is, however, not one of Mr. Cropsy's best efforts, and while it is full of his peculiar beauties, it is not conscientiously painted in its details. The clear healthful coloring of it, however, makes it decidedly one of the most satisfactory pictures in the exhibition.

No. 125. FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS.—J. F. KENSETT. The composition of this picture is faultless; nothing could be finer than the lake environed in cliffs and trees. The rocks have a charming breadth, and the color is purer than we often find in the works of this artist—with all this color blindness seems to be his misfortune, for the predominance of brown and dingy tints, added to the raggedness, roughness, and confusedness of the foliage and limbs of the trees, are unsatisfactory to the last degree.

No. 137. LANDSCAPE.—F. E. Church. The trip this gentleman recently made to the tropics, induced us to believe that we should



NO. 125. FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS.—J. F. KENSETT.

in a letter addressed to young artists, absolutely writes it down among the things meretricious. If Audubon had held to this opinion, and left the gay plumage of his feathered songsters unexpressed, his brilliant creations would have been just what all landscapes are, when color is disregarded and only form portrayed—his little sparkling emeralds of humming-birds would have appeared lumps of coal—his wood-ducks blacker than the raven of Edgar Poe; and yet, if the colors of birds are essential to their character, how much more so are the million tints of the out-door landscape necessary to its true perfection.

Our theory has been, that in time the defect in our artists of which we complain would correct itself; but unfortunately recent discoveries in science have unfolded the startling fact, that there is such a thing as color blindness, and that a large proportion of the population of every country is incapable of distinguishing between the different tints of the rainbow, or even comprehending the glaring distinction made between signal-lights. Until within a few years, this affection of the eye was supposed to be confined to a small number of individuals; but it appears, upon careful examination, that in England one person in fifteen is absolutely color-blind. According to the experiments made by Dr. Wilson upon one thousand one hundred and fifty-four persons in Edinburgh, one person in every eighteen had this imperfection: one in fifty-five confounded red with green; one in sixty confounded brown with green; one in forty-six confounded blue with green.

Color blindness has been divided into three kinds:

1. Inability to perceive any color but black and white, or light and shadow; a highly colored picture, or the most brilliant landscape appearing like mezzotint engravings.
2. Inability to distinguish brown, grey, and neutral colors.
3. Inability to distinguish between red, blue, and yellow, and green, purple, orange and brown.

The first and second divisions are very rare, although we could



NO. 57. HIGH PEAK, NORTH CONWAY, N. H.—R. W. HUBBARD.



NO. 2. BLOSSOMING GRASS TIME.—3. COLEMAN.

as a result, have brilliant pictures from his pencil; but we are sorry to perceive that the grander forms of color have had no beneficial effect upon his mind. This picture is much inferior to any thing from his pencil in last year's exhibition; in fact, it is simply a specimen of unmeaning monotony. All grandeur is lost in the petty manner of rendering objects; the foreground has no meaning whatever. We are afraid that this gentleman, in attempting the novel, has entirely departed from the path that would have led him to great achievements.

No. 160. STUDY FROM NATURE.—W. Hart. This is decidedly one of the best pictures this artist has ever exhibited on the Academy walls. The conventionalism which has heretofore been so prominent in his works, disappears, and we have something that reminds the spectator of innumerable quiet nooks in our thick forests. The transparency of the water cannot be too much admired. We understand that this picture is a literal study from nature, and its faults, consequently, are those which come from the sacrifice of composition. Nature rarely combines her beauties, so as to leave nothing for the cultivated mind to add or take away.

No. 174. THE FORD.—A. D. Shattuck. We have selected this charming little picture for illustration, believing it to be one of the most promising in the exhibition. The combination of objects is most agreeable, while the simplicity and unpretending character of the whole has a quiet, soothing influence on the mind. To Mr. Shattuck and his young confreres in art we look for the future excellence of our Academy exhibitions. If he will only close his eyes to all examples of the past, and resolutely carry out his present purpose of going alone to nature for studies, and then cultivate his mind by the examination of the principles of the best masters, we can place no limit to his improvement. The middle ground of this picture is quite perfect, full of color, and cleverly handled. The "color blindness" of example, we fear, has caused him to make the sky too cold, and the beautiful dark nook on the right is *hard* for the want of *warmth*—red has been mistaken for black or green.

No. 181. BIRTH-PLACE OF DR. HORACE GREEN.—James Hope.—This picture is remarkable for presenting one of the most disagreeable phases of New England landscape scenery. No one can examine it for a moment without imagining they feel the first symptoms of a chill, and yet it is admirable for its truthfulness, and the artist whoever he may be, has ability that deserves encouragement. A homely might be written upon this "Yankee Home." Every thing about it is hard; all ornament, all attention to beauty, to softness, is neglected. The farm house on the brow of the hill is exposed to the winter winds, and unshaded from the summer heat; no foliage, no flowers, all, all is barren, desolate and repulsive.

No. 150. NEAR SQUAM LAKE.—David Johnson.—A bright lovely landscape, full of incident, and showing great promise.

No. 67. HIGH PEAK, NORTH CONWAY, N. H.—R. W. Hubbard.—We were much struck last year by some fine specimens of foliage from the pencil of this promising young artist, and we gladly chronicle his triumph in this exhibition. High Peak, presents a sunny murky day, the sky is carefully studied, the mountains broad and effective, the color, though slightly crude, nevertheless displays a true love of nature, and a fine idea of expressing her beauties. The composition of this picture deserves especial commendation. Mr. H. since he has appeared before the public has taken no step backward in his art.

No. 2. BLOSSOMING GRASS TIME.—S. Coleman.—This beautiful little painting by Mr. Coleman, the property of our friend M. B. Brady, Esq., should be especially noticed as one of those promising pictures which we believe is to inaugurate a new era of art. It is a charming little epic, and shows how much interest can be put upon a small piece of canvas. Here we have excellent arrangement, a centre of interest, and a pleasing surrounding of shadow. We congratulate Mr. Coleman that he has with Mr. Shattuck, discovered beauties in the flower enameled hill side, and that he has dared to introduce them in his compositions. Let him avoid too much the seductive, but false fascinations of "glazing," and his triumph, if he pursues his present course of study, will be complete.

No. 77. EVENING AT PAESTUM.—Our space will not permit us to carry out the extended notice we first contemplated of the landscape department of the exhibition. We could say many good words for pictures we cannot stop to notice. We will close with the little gem by Mr. Cropsey, entitled "Evening at Paestum." Its treatment is tranquil, its effect solemn yet attractive, and we congratulate Dr. Magoun upon its possession. We understand that Mr. Cropsey contemplates taking up his residence abroad. This we regret, for if he carries this intention into effect, he will bury his American genius and individuality in the ruins of ancient art. There is not an example of one of our artists going abroad who has been improved. The best we have, or have had, never saw any country but their own when they achieved their fame. The greatest charms of Cole's style were sacrificed by his studies in Italy—so will it be with Mr. Cropsey, and any other American artist. If our prairies, hill sides, meadows, mountains, valleys, savannahs, and extensive coasts—our calms and storms, and beautiful and sublime in nature, afford no school for artists, then let them break their palettes in despair, and think no more of art.

POLICE.

RECOVERY OF SUPPOSED STOLEN GOODS.—Saturday morning, officers Farley, Gray, and others, of the Court of General Sessions, made a descent upon the premises of Wm. Rando, at the corner of Mott and Houston streets, and seized a large quantity of valuable goods, which it is supposed have been stolen. Among other articles found by the officers were a number of sleigh robes, buffalo skins, some saddlers' silver ware, three valuable guitars, and some silver knives and forks marked "Steamer Augusta." The goods were conveyed to the Lower Police Court, and there placed under the charge of Mr. Webb, the property clerk. Louis Walkman, the clerk in Rando's store, was arrested by the officers, and on being brought before Justice Connolly was committed for examination. The proprietor of the place could not be found.

CHARGE OF SEDUCTION.—John Kelly, a tinsmith, residing at No. 103 Third Avenue, was arrested, on Saturday, by officer Dunn, of the Seventeenth Ward police, on a charge of having seduced Ellen Fitzgerald, of No. 11 Bank-street, under promise of marriage. The complainant alleges that she became acquainted with the defendant about a year ago, and that on the 18th of October last, he had sexual intercourse with her on his promising to marry her; that they went to the Catholic church on the corner of Duane-street and City Hall place, to be married; but that the priest refused to make them man and wife until their names had been published to the congregation; that from that time to the present Kelly has been postponing the matter, and now, she believes does not intend to fulfill his promise at all. Kelly left the city in November last, and went to reside at Charleston, S.C. He returned from that city a few days ago, and was yesterday arrested on the charge preferred against him. Kelly was brought before Justice Brennan at the Essex Market Police Court, where he stated in his examination that he could not say anything material in his favor. He denied ever having agreed to marry the complainant, and, in fact, asserts his entire innocence.

THE VITROL FIEND AGAIN.—Mr. B. L. Green, of Fourth-street, complains that his little girl's dress was destroyed by vitriol when leaving the Broadway Theatre. He offers to deposit \$1,000 in any bank in the city as a forfeit, which shall be paid to some benevolent institution, if he does not kill this vitriol thrower if he can find out who he is. A lady, while walking in Fifth Avenue on Sunday evening, her dress completely ruined; a gentleman residing at No. 32 Greenwich-street, offers a reward of \$150 for the arrest and conviction of the scoundrel. Dr. Ludwig, of Wooster-street, was returning home with two ladies from a sacred concert at the Assembly Rooms, on Sunday evening, when the cloaks and dresses of the ladies, valued at \$150, were totally destroyed by vitriol. The miscreant escaped detection.

ARREST FOR PUBLISHING AN OBSCENE NEWSPAPER.—Prescott P. Harris has been arrested on a warrant issued by the Court of Sessions, charging him with publishing an indecent sheet. The accused was arrested some time since for publishing a similar production called the *Broadway Belle*, but on pleading guilty, and promising to discontinue the nuisance, judgment against him was suspended. He has of late, it is alleged, issued the present paper, in which he has continued, from week to week, a highly-colored sketch of the life and death of a fashionable prostitute. His papers he sold to a large number of urchins, who peddled them in the principal thoroughfares. Harris was held to bail in \$500 to answer the charge at the General Sessions.

ARREST OF SOME MORE CYPRIANS.—On Friday night Lieut. Bennett, of the Third Ward police, arrested a number of street walkers on a charge of disorderly conduct. The prisoners, eight in number, were conveyed before Justice Welch, at the Lower Police Court, where they were held to bail each in the sum of \$200 to answer. Great complaint has been made of late against street walkers frequenting Broadway during the night time, on account of their disorderly conduct towards citizens having occasion to be abroad during the darkness.

PROBABLY FATAL ASSAULT.—John Mahony, living at 101 Greenwich-street, was assaulted on Friday night, in Whitehall-street, with a slung shot in the hands of a sailor named Kelly. The latter had not proceeded far when he was arrested. Mahony was knocked insensible.

CHIEF OF THE POLICE.—It is stated that although Chief Matsell has been acquitted upon the charge of alienage by the Commissioners of Police, the Mayor had his resignation in his pocket, dated ahead, before the decision was announced to the public.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THAT CRADLE.—IMPERIAL EXTRAVAGANCE AND FOLLY.—The presentation of the magnificent silver cradle offered by the city of Paris for the imperial infant, took place on the 12th ult. at the Tuilleries. It was subsequently exhibited to the public for two days at the Hotel de Ville. The cradle, as has been already mentioned, is in the form of a ship, as being the prominent figure in the arms of Paris. At the prow an eagle is placed with wings half outspread, while at the poop is a figure representing the city of Paris, covered with a robe of gold, and its arms of silver, raised above its head, support the Imperial crown. At the feet of the statue two sea deities regard the cradle with a protecting look, and below, at each corner, winged sirens of silver twine in numerous spirals the folds of their tails, formed of scales enameled with various colors. On the sides of the cradle four medallions of blue enamel represent in gay hues the cardinal virtues of peace—Force, Vigilance, Prudence, and Justice. Between each medallion are to be seen the initials, "N. E." The materials used in the construction of this rich and beautiful work of art are rosewood, gold, enamel, and oxidized silver, and the effect produced is most exquisite, reflecting the greatest credit on the house of Froment Meurice, to which the superintendence of the whole was intrusted.

A LIFE RAFT.—W. B. Davis, who has already furnished each of the Union Ferry Company's boats with a kind of swimming apparatus designed to be used for the rescue of persons falling overboard, and which is now used on the steamships of the Oriental Steam Navigation Company, the General Screw Company, and the West India steamers, also on the New York and Havre steamers, beside several large sailing vessels running from this port, has devised a sort of raft much on the same plan, but of a larger size, and which is capable of sustaining 5,328 pounds, dead weight, though only sixteen feet in length, by six in breadth. It is formed of canvas tubes, covered with water-proof composition and an external frame-work of rattan, to prevent its injury from concussion. A strong netting is spread between the tubes. This is one of the plans proposed for the boats.

CLIPPER SHIP GREAT REPUBLIC.—This magnificent ship, the largest clipper in the world, has more than answered the expectations of her talented builder, by her unrivalled speed and other excellent qualities, while employed by the French Government in running between Marseilles and the Crimea. With a common single reef topsail breeze, she has frequently left the fleetest steamers astern; and she works and steers like a pilot boat. An English merchant, who had made two passages in her, offered \$100,000 for nine months' charter, which was declined on the ground that she was doing better in her present employment. Mr. Donald McKay, who designed and built this splendid ship, may feel proud of her.

AMERICAN STEAM ENGINES FOR THE DANUBE.—At the Morgan Iron Works, foot of Eighth street, East River, there are building two large beam engines, each seventy inch cylinder with nine feet stroke, for the Royal Imperial Privileged Danubian Steam Navigation Company. These engines are to be finished in May, and shipped to Austria, in parts, by sailing vessels. They are to be put in new steamers in Europe, to run on the Danube. Mr. Charles F. Looney, Austrian Consul General in this city, is superintending the construction of the engines.

THE BRITISH SHIP RESOLUTE.—We learn from a correspondent at New London that the British Government have given up all claim to the ship *Resolute*, now lying in that harbor, and that she is to be sold, with all her fixtures, for the benefit of the parties concerned in her recovery. The hardy men who succeeded in rescuing this ship will now receive a handsome reward for their resolution and hardships.

SMALLPOX IN TROY.—There have been thirty-three smallpox patients admitted to the building temporarily used by the Troy hospital for patients afflicted with that disease, since the 1st of January. A building is now being built, at a proper distance from the hospital, which, when finished, will be used exclusively for this class of patients. It will be completed in a few weeks.—*Albany Argus*, March 31.

THE TURF.

CALIFORNIA.—PIONEER COURSE, Feb. 22.—Facing match for \$1,000, between Charley Shear, to Sulkey, and Lady Mac, to wagon, mile heats, best three in five.
Mr. Fulton entered br. g. Charley Shear..... 1 1 1
Mr. Ferguson entered r. m. Lady Mac..... 2 2 2
Time, 2:40-2:41-2:39.

ARMY.

CAPTAIN CHARLES F. WOOSTER, Fourth Artillery, died at Fort Brown, Texas, February 14, 1856.
The Legislature of California has requested the recall of Gen. Wool from the command of the Pacific division.

Among the visitors at Newport, R. I., is Lieutenant George W. Howland, U. S. A. He has been stationed in Oregon and Texas for the last eight years, and is now passing a few days in his native city.
The Legislature of Nova Scotia has unanimously voted the sum of one hundred and fifty guineas for the purchase of a sword for General Williams, the gallant defender of Kars. He is a native of Nova Scotia.

NAVY.

The U. S. frigate *Potomac*, Commander Powell, and the *Cyane*, Commander Brent, were at Havana on the 16th ult. All well.
Midshipman Edward Shepherd, of Richmond, died a few days since. Mr. S. was one of those officers who was retired by the late Naval Board.

The United States steamer *Water Witch*, Commander Thos. J. Page, arrived at Rio Janeiro on the 12th of February, from Montevideo.
The colors were hung at half-mast at the Navy Yard on Friday, March 28th, and thirteen minute guns fired, in consequence of the death of Com. Abbott, and not Com. Connor, as was erroneously stated.

The copper boilers and heavy machinery of the steam-frigate *Mississippi*, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, are now on shore, and the former (four in number) are being torn into shreds, to be packed up and sent to the Naval Store-house at Washington.

The United States propeller *Aretic*, Commander Hartstein, arrived at this port Monday evening, after a cruise of forty-nine days, in search of vessels in distress. She experienced a succession of heavy gales, but met with no vessels requiring assistance.

Commodore McKeever, attached to the Gosport Navy Yard, died April 1, of apoplexy.
The sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* is to sail from Norfolk on the 15th inst., to relieve the *East India* squadron.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.—Commenced in No. 7.

CHAPTER VII.

Where'er the gaming board is set
Two classes of mankind are met;
But if we count the greater race,
The knaves fill up the greater space.
Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what—on whom would gamblers thrive?—GAY.

ALTHOUGH public gaming houses have been suppressed in Paris, gambling has not; it thrives as much as ever; with this difference, that instead of equally braving public opinion and public morality, as was formerly the case, by being licensed by the government, it hides itself in saloons, the circle, and the jockey-club. Many a man who rides his thorough-bred horse in the Champs Elysees, and woman of fashion who dashes through the Bois de Boulogne in her elegant coupe, would find themselves reduced to an existence in the provinces but for this resource. Not that they indulge much in play, a little only for appearance sake; but they receive those who do in their reunions and soirées, converting their richly furnished hotels into temples of dissipation, for the *entre* to which the sharks pay in proportion to their gains, and the dupes are stripped.

Although most of these houses are well known to the police, a few are looked upon as privileged; their owners either bear some great historic name, or are too intimately connected with certain influential persons to be harshly dealt with; others it might not be prudent to offend, their reunions affording an opportunity to the government of feeling the feverish pulse of public opinion.

Of the class alluded to the Baron St. Ruel was one of the most distinguished. His hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain—a family one, by the bye—was one of the most elegant in Paris; the best society met there. Both he and the baroness had their box at the opera, drove separate equipages, maintained a large household, a sumptuous table, on the very moderate income of thirty thousand francs a year. We need scarcely say that such a sum formed but a small item in his expenditure; the tables made up the rest.

To this house Roderick Hastings was a frequent visitor. He was fond of play, from the excitement it afforded him; he had possessed millions the passion would have been just as strong. He had had too much experience in his early career to be easily duped, as many a clever gambler found to his mortification, when he rose a loser instead of a winner from the tables.

On the evening of the same day that Mr. Elton had his first interview with the minister of police, Roderick had accepted the challenge of a young Frenchman to play a dozen games at *carte* for thousand francs a game, and, with his usual good fortune, rose winner by six games.

It was not the money that delighted him so much as the look of suppressed agony with which the gentleman handed him the sum. He could see the affected smile upon his pale lips, the slight quivering of the eyelids, and it gratified his revengeful nature, for the loser had mortally offended him by accepting a seat in the private box of an actress of whom he was a professed admirer.

As he quitted the hotel of the baron, he observed that Monsieur de Mesnil, the name of his rival, followed him.

"Surely," he thought, "the fellow can never intend to rob me, or offer any violence."

He smiled at the idea—for, whatever his vices, cowardice was not one of them—and purposely slackened his pace to give the gentleman time to overtake him.

"Mr. Hastings," said the gentleman, bowing politely, "may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Are the six thousand francs you have won of me to-night of any great importance to you?"

"Not in the slightest," replied Roderick, with a laugh. "The loss or gain of ten times such a sum would neither depress nor elevate me. In all probability I shall toss them into the lap of Mademoiselle Claron."

The young Frenchman bit his lip with vexation.

"Are you curious?" he demanded.

"I do not comprehend you!"

"Fond of secrets?"

"That depends on their nature."

"I possess a singular one," continued Monsieur de Mesnil, "which I will sell you for just six thousand francs."

To this extraordinary proposal Roderick Hastings replied by a hearty laugh, so preposterous did the offer appear to him.

"Pardon me," he said, "but are you really serious?"

"As serious," replied his companion, "as ever I was in my life; but for my loss this night I should have asked twice the sum; as it is, I am willing to accept a hard bargain."

By this time they had reached the Place de la Concorde, and were standing opposite the Egyptian monolith, in the centre of the square.

"But I have no intention of making a bargain of any kind with you," observed the winner; "who are you?"

"The society in which you met me is a guarantee that I am a gentleman," replied the Frenchman.

Roderick shrugged his shoulders doubtfully.

"To be more explicit, then," continued the speaker, "I am one of the superior employees of the police—now do you understand me? now can you comprehend the nature of the secret I would sell you? Do you recollect an transaction in which either by yourself or agents you have lately been engaged in England. Are there no proofs, no papers or casket in your hotel which might afford grounds for a criminal proceeding?"

Although this was distinctly uttered, it was in so low a tone that the passers by could not overhear a word; not a syllable, however, had been lost upon Roderick.

"At last," he said, "I do comprehend you, and if you will breakfast with me in the morning at my hotel—"

On hearing this it was the Frenchman's turn to smile, which he did with the most exquisite politeness.

"Why what a novice you must take me for," he said; "breakfast with you in the morning at your hotel, give you time to destroy every proof of your possession of the stolen casket, and be laughed at for my simplicity! No," he added, "the treaty must be concluded now, or broken off."

"As you please," exclaimed his companion, angrily. "I am neither to be bullied nor coaxed."

So saying, he resumed his walk, directing his steps towards the Rue St. Honoré, where the Meurice Hotel was then situated. De Mesnil sprang forward, and laid his hand upon his arm.

"Do not start," he said, "I have no intention of offering you the least violence; one word and I have done: you see those men walking by the fountain?"

"What then?"

"They are agents of the police."

Roderick began to reflect.

"If you are innocent," continued the speaker, "I tell you, frankly, you may defy me; if guilty, you are completely in my power. At the first word or sign from me you will be a prisoner."

Roderick drew forth his pocket-book.

"Decide."

"I have decided," he said, at the same time placing in the hands of the young Frenchman the notes he had received from him.

The Frenchman looked at his watch.

"You have just one hour," he whispered, "to make any arrangement you may desire. Do not attempt to conceal anything; it will be useless; the police have means you little dream of. Not a cabinet in your apartments but will be searched during the night. Should you hear anything, pretend to sleep. Adieu."

Raising his hat with exquisite politeness, he bade the Englishman good night, and, as he passed the agents of the police observed, "I have seen him thus far on his way to the hotel, now you must follow his footsteps;" and, humming a favorite air from the last new opera, he called a *voiture*, and drove home.

Roderick Hastings was too well aware of the danger which threatened him not to hasten at once to his hotel, and shut himself up in his dressing-room. Strong as his nerves were, his hand actually trembled as he turned the key in the *armoire* which contained the fatal casket.

"So," he exclaimed, as he drew it forth, "I am beforehand with them. The boy was well aimed; and I know whom I have to thank for it; that meddling lawyer Elton. He shall pay me one day my debt in full. But of him hereafter."

Deliberately he unfolded every letter—he had previously read them—and committed them one by one to the flames; carefully examining even the ashes to assure himself that not a scrap remained. That done, he placed his foot upon the casket and crushed it, then thrust the fragments into the fire. This was not all; the name upon the plate might still betray him. Placing it on the table before him, he carefully effaced each letter with his penknife, and when the surface of the metal presented only a confused number of scratches, tossed it after them.

"Now, then," he muttered, "I can defy them. The secret was cheaply bought. The police, with all their cunning, will be puzzled to obtain proofs that ever they were in my possession. I can defy them. Elton is a fool, an idiot," he added, "to wage this warfare with me; the arms are unequal; he has no other support than dull honesty of purpose and what he calls integrity to back him; I have the experience of a life of danger and adventure."

Throwing his luxurious dressing-gown around him, he sat for some time by the glowing embers, smiling complacently. His dream was realised; he was the husband of Mabel Herbert, and master of her fortune. The means by which he had become so whispered no terror to his conscience; that had long been deaf as well as voiceless.

"Safe!" he repeated several times; "safe! the dead cannot accuse me, and as for the living—"

He suddenly paused, an unpleasant recollection had crossed his brain. There was one person in the world whose death would have afforded him unmitigated satisfaction—the parish clerk, Amen Corner.

It was not till the fire had burnt out, and he had once more deliberately stirred over the ashes that the guilty man retired to his chamber, the door of which he took the precaution to lock and bolt after him. Towards morning he fancied that he heard a slight rustling noise in the dressing-room. He listened for some seconds—it was repeated, then all was still.

"The emissaries of Delescourt," he thought, "are at their work. Let them; they are welcome to examine my trunks—take an inventory of my wardrobe—the contents of my purse. I trust the occupation will amuse them as it does me."

Although everything, both in the dressing as well as drawing-room had been ransacked, the cushions of each chair and sofa pierced with long needles, which the police employ for the purpose of ascertaining whether anything has been concealed within them; the backs of pictures carefully examined, the carpets taken up, and the floors of the apartments sounded, everything appeared on the following morning in its usual state. The waiters bowed as cringing as before, and the master of the hotel came with his quiet, respectful air to receive orders for dinner.

Both master and waiters, as a matter of course, were perfectly aware of what had taken place; it could not have been accomplished without their connivance, which not one of them dared refuse.

"This is a very noisy house," observed Roderick, who was sipping his *café au lait*.

"Monsieur?"

"Are there rats in the house?"

"Rats!" repeated the Frenchman, trying to look very innocently.

"Something of the kind there must be," continued his guest; "for during the night I heard—both in my dressing-room and *salle-a-manger*—a succession of noises, a rustling, and, as I imagined, a whispering; fortunately," he added, "I had not my pistols within reach, or I might have alarmed the house."

"Monsieur must have been dreaming," observed the master of the hotel.

"Possibly," replied Roderick. "Really I trust I shall not have such dreams again."

His host secretly hoped he might not; such visitations were exceedingly unpleasant to him.

"Ah! true, dinner; I had almost forgotten it," continued the speaker.

"Covers for six, *soupe à la reine* au de *Gaite*, salmon, of course, and strellet, if it can be had in Paris."

The Frenchman assured him that everything could be had in Paris for money.

"Even fidelity," said Roderick.

"O! oui, monsieur."

"Humph!" muttered the gentleman, with a smile. "Ortolans, neck of venison, pheasant poulté à la *braise imperial*,—in short, add what else you please; but mind that the wines are in fine order, especially the Steinberger, and see the white burgundy and champagne."

"At what hour?" said the *maître d'hôtel*, when he had taken the order.

"Eight, as usual."

When Mr. Elton called at the prefecture of police on the appointed day, he saw at once by the air of the minister that the attempt had failed.

"There," said Monsieur Telessart, pointing to a half-fused lump of silver, "is all that we have found."

"The moral but not the legal proof," observed the lawyer, in a tone of disappointment, "of Roderick Hastings' complicity with the thief."

He examined the metal carefully, without discovering the least sign by which it was possible to identify it as having formed part of the casket.

"He is a clever rascal," he muttered. "May I ask how this was obtained?"

"I have no objection to tell you *where*," was the reply. "In the ashes of the fire-place of his dressing-room; but I have not done with your countryman yet. Have you any reason to suppose that amongst the papers there were any he would have an interest in preserving?"

His visitor admitted that such might possibly be the case.

"Then come to me again to-morrow," continued the minister of police.

"That the papers are not in the hotel, I am certain; every room in the hotel has been examined—the bed-rooms during his absence; even the apartments of the servants have not been omitted. All that can now be done is to search his person."

The lawyer regarded the speaker with surprise, not comprehending how that could be accomplished.

"The measure is rather an extreme one, I own," said Monsieur Delessert; "I feel piqued at the failure of my agents. Bye the bye," he added, walking back to the table, "have you any idea what this is for?"

He placed in the hands of Mr. Elton a strange-looking instrument, not unlike a pair of compasses, except that the extremity of each fork was fashioned in the shape of a key; there was also a spring to keep them apart. The gentleman turned it over and over with a puzzled look; he had never seen anything like it, and could not comprehend its use, but that it had one he was convinced.

"Was this found in Roderick's possession," he inquired.

"The original was," answered the minister; "my agents were so struck by its singularity, that they took a model of it in wax. One of our mechanics made this from it."

Mr. Elton expressed a wish to have a similar one, which was promised him. Had he been asked, it would have puzzled him to explain the motive for his request, beyond a vague idea that it might one day prove useful.

Thanking the important personage who had shown such zeal to oblige him, he took his leave, determined to wait one day longer in Paris.

That same night he went to the opera; and in the grand foyer found himself between the *entr'actes* face to face with Roderick Hastings, who regarded him for an instant with an ironical smile.

He was accompanied by two or three *roués* like himself, young Frenchmen, who were only too proud to dash down the Champs-Élysées in his elegant equipage, ride his thorough-bred horses, win his money, and drink his wines.

"In Paris!" said the well-dressed ruffian, evidently with the intention of fastening a quarrel on him. "I told you we should meet again."

"The prophecy was a safe one," coolly observed the lawyer, "and time may bring round a more singular event."

"What event?" demanded the former, sneeringly.

"Does not your conscience, or rather your fears, I should have said," replied Mr. Elton, sarcastically, "whisper it to you when you reflect upon your past life? Crime does not always escape with impunity."

"Insolent!"

"Insolence can only be offered to those who have some claim to respect remaining."

Half maddened by this taunt, and excited by wine, Roderick Hastings raised the slender cane he carried in his hand, and would have struck the speaker, had not two respectable-looking persons, apparently of the class *bourgeois*, who had been taking coffee in the foyer, darted between them, and, with well-meant endeavors, tried to prevent a quarrel.

"Consider," said the elder of the two, who had a military air, "you will alarm the audience."

"Curse the audience!" foamed Roderick.

"A fellow-countryman, too!" urged the second; "be pacified!"

"I won't be pacified, and I will not be interfered with," shouted the half-drunken man, at the same time pushing both the friendly speakers rudely aside, and springing towards Elton.

The man with the moustache caught him as he passed him; and, with a dexterity which showed he was no stranger to such encounters, thrust him back upon one of the long velvet covered settees in the foyer; in accomplishing this he received a slight blow.

"In the name of the law," he said, at the same time throwing open his coat so as to display the tri-colored scarf, the badge of his authority, "I arrest you."

The blow and the action of the Commissary of Police—for he was no less a personage—took place so simultaneously, that it was difficult for the bystanders to say which had precedence. The French declared that the officer of justice had been struck after declaring himself; Roderick's friends insisted as strenuously on the contrary.

By this time a considerable crowd had gathered round them.

"Call the Guard," said the commissary.

"Do you know who I am?" demanded Roderick.

"Perfectly!" was the cool, steady reply.

"I am an English gentleman; my ambassador will demand satisfaction for this insult. I shall complain personally of it to the king the next time I dine at the Tuilleries."

"As to your being a gentleman, Monsieur Hastings," replied the functionary, "it has nothing to do with the breach of the law—but I rather doubt your claim to the title. I remember you," he added, "when you lodged in the Quartier Latin, and paid thirty sous for your dinner when you had them, which was not too frequently the case."

The French grinned, and the word *adventurer* was pronounced freely amongst them.

It was in vain that Lord Henry Seymour and the Bavarian Minister, who had been called from his box, offered to be bound in any sum for their friend to appear at the prefecture the following morning to answer the charge of having resisted a public functionary in the exercise of his duty. The Commissary was firm but civil in his refusal. He would not part with his prisoner—and the rich Roderick Hastings, despite his menaces and resistance, was marched, or rather dragged away by force, and lodged in one of the cells of the police.

Although they refused any of his friends the privilege of remaining with him, they permitted him to send for wine, in which the prisoner contrived to drown the sense of rage and mortification in drunkenness.

When he awoke the following morning it was with a confused recollection of what had taken place; he fancied also that he remembered a hand being carefully passed over his dress.

He was not mistaken: purse, watch, pocket-book, everything but his handkerchief, were gone.

About twelve o'clock he was conducted before the commissary of the quarter, and, after listening to a long lecture on the indulgence of the government, and his own outrageous conduct, dismissed on paying a fine of five hundred francs.

"I have been robbed!" exclaimed the prisoner; "you know I have no money with me."

A tray was brought, on which were the purse, pocket-book, watch, and every article that had been taken from him.

"Examine the contents," said the commissary. "No one is ever robbed here; your property has merely been taken care of."

"And examined," thought Roderick, with a bitter smile.

It is needless to say everything was perfectly correct, not a scrap or note missing.

The fine was paid and the formal discharge pronounced.

"Very considerate of the police, at any rate, to take charge of your money and pocket-book," observed one of two English friends, as he quitted the court with them.

"Very," replied Roderick, quite loud enough for the commissary to hear; "but they have had the use of them."

The functionary smiled; he understood the hidden meaning.

That same night the worthy lawyer, baffled in the object of his visit to Paris, set out for England.

CHAPTER XVII.

All things are big with jest; nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.—BENJAMIN.

It was one of those rare events in Manchester, a fine day; not a drop of rain, which appears to have a decided affection for the cotton metropolis of England, threatened to fall: on the contrary, the sun was shining so brightly that not even the smoke from the numberless tall factory chimneys, which generally hangs like a thick cloud over the town, could obscure his beams.

It was Easter Monday, and the first day of Knotmill fair. Labor for once had given itself a holiday; the tide of human life was flowing in one direction. Crowds of tidily-dressed women, smart as Sunday gear could make them, some with chubby babies in their arms, others with children clinging to their sides, swelled the throng. From the narrow lanes and alleys, from the damp, unwholesome cellars, the working population of Manchester issued forth as to a festival.

There were boys of all ages and sizes; smartly-dressed girls, brave with ribbons; the Irish, from little Ireland—or Newton-lane, as it was then called—added to the stream, which was still further increased by the country-people from Heywood, Middleton, and Blakely, wending their way by St. George's-road, King and Market streets, and Dean-gate; whilst Bury, Ashton, Staley-bridge, Gorton, Oldham, Stockport, and Bullock Smithy were represented far more completely than ever they had been in Parliament.

On the first day of the fair it is chiefly visited by the working classes; on the succeeding days elegant carriages, filled with groups of happy children and ladies, whose husbands, fathers, lovers, and brothers are occupied in the counting-house, are seen driving in the same direction; but after the hour of four the gentlemen, too, stroll leisurely towards the scene.

For weeks past the factory lads and girls had been saving their twopences for this important occasion. It would have puzzled the Secretary of the Bank of England to calculate the actual amount of pounds and shillings put by fathers had abstained from the beer-house, mothers pinched and scraped, that both themselves and children might have something new to wear on fair day.

Along the Liverpool-road, which skirts the side of Camp-field, the site where the fair is held, rustic beaux with their giggling sweethearts or sisters were indulging in the luxury of a penny ride in hackney coaches from St. Matthew's church to the tavern and back. All Manchester appeared on foot, ready for mirth and enjoyment.

The great scene of excitement as well as enjoyment was the Camp-field in which the fair was held. It was thronged by such an assembly as Manchester only could present. Factory boys in fustian jackets, older lads in blue coats and brass buttons; smartly-dressed girls, decked in all the colors of the rainbow; grown-up women and men, to say nothing of the countless tribes of children.

The fair, on account of the fineness of the weather, was more than usually gay. First and foremost there was Wombwell's far-famed menagerie, with a whole natural history most unaccountably painted on movable canvas scenes exposed to the admiring gaze. The animals, however, were so sorry to say, presented a very different appearance in their narrow, gloomy cages, from that which the artist had given them. In the centre picture was a magnificent lion, his mane erect and eyes flashing fire, attacked by a party of Indians; the royal brute had one prostrate beneath his paw, and appeared ready to spring upon a second, who with his lance raised stood on the defensive; a Bengal tiger was in the act of devouring a rhinoceros—he must have had sharp teeth—and an orang-outang carrying off a lady from a boat, followed by her very naturally distracted husband dressed as a British officer.

But what most excited the admiration of the gaping crowd was the representation of an elephant. Many of the mob entered into a dispute which was the head and which the tail of the animal; the majority seemed inclined to take his trunk for the last-named appendage.

A variety of monkeys and parrots were chained on the railing in front of the platform, where a band of musicians, in scarlet coats and leopard-skin caps, vainly attempted to drown the gong and big drum of Batty and Ryan's circus.

These two establishments were the rival stars of the fair. Many a lad whose means extended to a solitary shilling, stood balancing between them, unable to decide in his wavering mind which to patronize—the bears or the *osser*, and bitterly regretting that he had not begun his system of economy sooner.

The theatres, the actors, the ragged descendants of Thespis, were there in two rival establishments—Halloway's and Parish's booths; the company of the last-named itinerant manager were the seceders from Mr. Webb's establishment, who had gallantly pitched his tent by their side, as if to show the recreants, as Euphrasia termed them, that he could do without them.

Sundry haughty glances were exchanged, looks of defiance such as rivals only feel.

"Wait and see," muttered Eugenio; "I haven't done my best yet."

This was in allusion to an arrangement which he looked upon, and with some show of reason, as a master stroke. In all the preceding fairs the great attraction of his rival Parish had been Ben Buskin, the talking clown; a fellow who was the idol of the lower orders in Manchester, and rather a singular personage in his way. He neither tumbled nor performed any kind of antics. He only talked; that was sufficient!

Out of his motley and paint, those who did not know him would have taken this son of Momus for a local preacher, or a respectable undertaker at the very least; his general dress being a suit of black and a white choker.

This person, the Liston of Knotmill, whose appearance was sufficient to set the fairgoers in a roar of laughter, after many pros and cons, had accepted Euphrasia's very liberal offer to star with them for the week. Parish had alighted him, he fancied; thought he could depend upon his actors; and he determined to read him a lesson.

"The actors! the London and Lancashire actors!" shouted Mr. Parish, through a long speaking trumpet; "the unrivalled Mr. Ketchford from Dublin; tragedy and pantomime; and all for one penny."

"Where be Ben Buskin?" cried a voice in the crowd.

It was followed by an impatient demand for their favorite.

Here, at your service, ladies and gentlemen!" exclaimed the clown, showing his well-known features from behind the cloth of the tent, as he stepped upon Webb's parade. "Happy to see my friends! I hope you are all well!—how are your mothers? do they know you are out?"

This, and witticisms of a similar cast, set the mob in a roar. Mr. Parish immediately ordered all his company to parade.

Chieftains in highland dresses and ankle boots; Turks, harlequins, Chinese, and clowns, now made their appearance. A reel was danced to the accompaniment of a very powerful organ, two tambourines, and a clarionette. The din was overpowering; Buskin could no longer be heard; the crowd began to move away.

At this crisis Euphrasia rushed to the rescue, in her best spangled robe, and a red turban, with five ostrich feathers in it, and fought a broadsword combat with Gog. It was wonderful, considering her size, the agility with which she parried; did the double eights, the three rights and three lefts; and received the tremendous blows of the giant upon her tin shield.

There was no mistaking it; it was a decided hit.

Sixteen times in the course of the day did that heroic woman go through a similar exertion, without missing a blow; unless on the last two or three occasions, when her feelings—and not the gin-and-water, as Sam once more observed—rendered her arm less steady.

The booth was no sooner emptied than filled.

Like most shows, there was quite as much to be seen on the outside as the in.

It was on this occasion that our hero Dick made his first bow to the public in the open air; Buskin introduced both him and Sam to the patronage of a discriminating public.

"The twins!" he shouted; "the twin brothers, Castor and Pollux, whose mother was a wood-nymph and father a swan. They were born from an egg."

"Wor it a nostridge?" shouted a voice in the crowd.

"No," replied the clown, "a goose's; your relationship is admitted. Step round after the performance, and I'll introduce you to your cousins. Their marvellous evolutions, contortions, and gendexions might puzzle a mathematician to describe; therefore I won't attempt it. But seeing is believing, and they shall give you a specimen of their genius."

Gog now came forward, dressed in a head-dress of feathers, with an enormous club in his hand, and a lion's skin over his shoulders.

"The Ashantee chief," continued the spoke-man; "no mistake about him; nine feet eleven inches in height, named Tamahookanterhooko, own brother to Prince Mazowrowdowdumoo, the great hunter of the desert. Shall I tell you how he became possessed of the lion trophy he wears? No; you would not believe me."

"Ees, we wall!" shouted the mob.

"Honor!"

"Ees, honor."

"Well then," said Buskin, "I will, although it is against a vow I lately made; for somehow, when I relate his wondrous adventures, few people believe them. The animal whose skin he wears had devoured three of his wives and eleven of his children—an outrage which very naturally wrung his paternal and conjugal heart, although he had at least ten times more than that number of wives and children at home."

"Had 'im though? Poor man!"

"As you may suppose, he married very young," said the clown, gravely. "But to proceed: torn with grief, he wandered in the wood, in time to see the hungry lion finish the last wedded of his wives, the beautiful Cawtamputamuta. Of course there was no standing that. Had it been the first, he might have brought his mighty soul to endure it. He was unarmed, but what of that? He rushed upon the monster, who sprang open-mouthed to receive him, thrust his arm down his voracious throat, seized him by the tail, and turned him inside out."

"Lord, did you, though?" shouted the listeners.

"You can't doubt me?"

"No! no!"

"I should think not," added Mr. Buskin. "Of course, the lion couldn't bite after that, unless he bit himself, neither could he eat. Hunger killed him, and after his death his heroic vanquisher stripped him of his furry honors, and ever since wears his hide as a trophy."

"Why has thee left Parish?" demanded a bystander.

"Change, ladies and gentlemen, change; the law of our nature. We all change: the boy changes to a man, the girl to a woman; time changes, day changes to night, night to day; money changes pockets," he added, drawing out his own, which were empty; "and friends change."

This was accompanied by a reproachful glance at his late manager, who began to think that he had acted unwisely in parting with the popular clown.

The performances of Gog and the two boys were received, as might naturally be expected, after such an exordium, with great favor; and the crowd began to throng the steps before the performances going on in the interior were half over. But when Dick and Pet danced, the enthusiasm of the crowd became frantic. "Pretty creatures!" was the cry; apples and oranges were thrown to them; in short, Mr. Webb's establishment became highly popular.

In the body of the fair were a number of petty traders who, literally speaking, had no fixed standing in the world; the crowd, like the policemen, compelling them at each instant to move on. One man vaunted that his corn salve would draw a tenpenny nail from an oak door. Another fellow, a vendor of paste for sharpening razors, after blunting the edge of his instrument by chopping chips from a block of wood softer even than the heads of his customers, passed it once or twice over his strop, then split a hair with it.

Many casuists do the same.

"The old chum, the original chum, the real chum and his Eccles cakes," shouted an elderly man who had taken his stand directly in front of Webb's booth, with a basket before him filled with the dainties he announced. "Toss or buy, buy or toss; tails I win, heads I lose; try again, my little dear; better fortune next time. Stand back, you boys," he added, "and make way for those sweet young gentlemen who have money in their pockets, and are waiting to win the old chum's cakes. Toss or buy, buy or toss. This way, my dears!"

This was addressed to two well-dressed boys, one about ten, the other about eleven years of age, who, under the protection of a very gentlemanly man, about fifty years of age, were standing near the speaker. The children looked up in his face, as if to ask his permission.

"Certainly, my dear boys," said their protector. "Buy what you please; but I cannot permit you to toss: it is a species of gambling, and quite unfitting for you."

"It's all fair, sir," observed the vendor of Eccles cakes.

"No doubt of it," replied Mr. Barnard, with a smile.

The cakes were bought, and the happy children next decided upon visiting the show of Eugenio. With some little difficulty the gentleman made his way with them up the platform, where, as the crowd in the inside of the booth were not all out, he had to wait several minutes with the boys before being admitted.

Suddenly he called out that he had been robbed.

"Of what, sir," said the clown; "wit or money?"

"I am serious," replied the gentleman; "my pocket-book has been abstracted from me; it contains papers of value. I would willingly give fifty pounds for its recovery."

"What is a pocket-book like, sir?" inquired Dick.

He had seen a country-looking man, who had paid his money, but not yet witnessed the performance, darting rapidly down the steps leading from the platform, with something in his hand, which he was endeavoring to thrust into his bosom.

No sooner was it explained to him than he darted to the edge of the parade. The fellow was still there, struggling to make his way through the crowd. To spring from the height and alight upon the shoulders of the thief was the thought and act of the moment.

"I have got him," he cried; "I've got him!"

The ruffian struggled hard to get away, and tried to tear the boy down; Pet, who saw the danger of our hero, screamed violently, and pointed him out to Gog; in an instant the giant was in the midst of the mob, with one hand he released Dick from the grasp of the ruffian, and dragged the latter up to the platform; several constables followed, and the pocket-book was found upon him.

"You are a brave fellow," said the gentleman, patting our hero on the head, "and deserve a better fate than the one this kind of life is likely to lead to. Who taught you to be so honest?"

"God!" replied the boy.

There was something startling in the sound of that awful name, pronounced by an urchin in a little spangled jacket, in such a place.

The gentleman began to feel interested in him, and asked his name.

"Dick," was the reply.

"Dick what?"

"Dick Tarleton, sir."

"See that this boy is brought to me in the morning," said the gentleman turning to one of the officers; "you know me?"

The constable touched his hat.

The speaker was well known as the senior partner in one of the largest banking houses in London. He had been on a visit some few days in Manchester, at the house of an old friend, whose two boys he had taken to the fair. He was a widower with an only child, a daughter.

"You are lucky," observed the officer, as soon as the gentleman and his two companions had returned to the carriage.

"For what?" demanded Dick.

"For having shown the presence of mind and pluck you did," replied the man. Mr. Barnard is exceedingly rich, and very liberal. They say he owns half-a-dozen streets in London."

"And what is that to me?"

"He'll do something handsome for you; but I must speak with your master; he will understand it all better than you do."

Euphrasia was delighted, and Eugenio equally satisfied, when informed of the conduct of their *protégé*; the lady herself promised to conduct the boy to the residence of the banker's friend.

"But we shall want you both in the fair," observed Eugenio.

The constable whispered something about the fifty pounds, and all objections ceased. Besides, the fair did not commence before one o'clock, so there would be ample time to attend both at the police office and upon the gentleman.

It was midnight before the booth was cleared of the last audience, and the poor tired children retired to rest. Gog carried Pet, who was half asleep, in his arms to the van, where she lodged with the Webbs, who never permitted her to be absent from them. The giant then returned to the booth, where himself and the boys were to sleep.

On reaching it, he found Sam and Dick already in bed—if the pile of scenes with a blanket thrown over it deserve the name of one—and speedily followed their example.

Unfortunately, the faithful bull-dog, too, followed his master to his lodgings, and the place was totally unguarded, except by the sleepers.

When all was quite still, one corner of the canvas side was raised, and a rough gipsy-like looking fellow peered it.

"All right," he whispered to a companion who was watching on the outside; "which is it?"

"The dark one," was the reply.

The ruffian placed his hand upon the mouth of our hero, who was sleeping nearest him, in order to prevent his calling out, and drew him from the tent.

Bill Spuggins, the name of the man who had taken the pocket-book, like most of the human kind who live by rapine, did not prey alone; he had companions in crime, and they determined, if possible, to save their confederate from the punishment of the act in which he had been so cleverly caught.

The principal witness against him was our hero; if he could be got out of the way, there would be some chance of his acquittal; without it, his conviction appeared certain. This was the motive which induced the two men to carry the boy off. They had no decided intention of harming him, provided they could avoid it with safety to their comrades; but Dick's life was entirely subordinate to that consideration.

They had lingered, after the capture of Bill Spuggins, during the remainder of the day around the booth, watched till the fair was cleared, and then crept, as we have seen, to the side, and succeeded in their evil design.

Their present intention was to take their prisoner to a low lodging-house, the rendezvous of thieves and such characters in the neighborhood of Wood street. The landlord, a returned transport, they well knew they might depend upon. There were plenty of means of secreting him there; or, if the worst came to the worst, and the police grew very troublesome, of disposing of him without much danger.

"If you utter a single cry," said the ruffian, as he carried the prisoner, "I'll cut your throat!"

This was enough; the poor little captive, overcome with terror, stifled even his sobs.

Either the cold air blowing on the face of Sam, or the disturbing of the blanket, caused the lad to awake. He stretched out his arm and felt for his companion.

"Where are you, Dick?" he said.

"Not receiving any reply, he started up; fortunately he was dressed in his spangled finery, having been too tired to remove it."

"Who's been at the canvas?" he called out.

A thought struck him. He raised it, just in time to catch sight of two men retreating rapidly, and dragging our hero between them.

Although Sam was not very big, he had a big heart, and was strongly attached to Dick; so, after calling twice upon Gog, who only answered him by a loud snore, he crept out of the booth, determined not to lose sight of his friend.

It was no easy task he had undertaken, nor unaccompanied by danger; for the men, fearing the possibility of pursuit, turned round from time to time to reconnoitre, when the tumbler would throw himself on the ground, and creep awhile like a dog, upon his hands and knees, or lay flat upon his chest till they had resumed their way.

In this manner he continued to follow them through a variety of narrow alleys and streets, all deserted at that late hour of the night, till they entered a dark-looking house in Spinning-field. The poor boy crept to the door after them, and listened; but heard no cry.

"They can never have the heart to kill him," he thought. "Oh! if Gog were only with me."

Struck with this idea, he carefully noted the house, and ran back to the booth. Never had he passed over an equal space of ground with the same celerity; terror for his friend lent speed to his feet, and when he stood by the giant's side at last, he was too much out of breath to speak.

All he could do was to shake the collar of the man mountain till he roused him.

"Why, Sam," said the scarcely-awakened sleeper, "what is the matter?"

The boy repeated the name of "Dick," and "gone."

"Oh, they have taken him away; I'll break her heart."

At the name of his favorite, the giant became thoroughly awakened.

"Dick! why where is he?" demanded Gog.

The boy explained what had taken place as briefly as his agitation would permit him to do so.

"Do you know the house?"

"Yes."

"I'll go with you."

"Be speedy," said Sam, "lest they murder him."

"Murder him!" repeated Gog, striking out his terrible arm; "I'd like to catch them at it. Don't be frightened," he added; "I'll have him out of their clutches if I tear the roof down."

Hastily slipping a loose coat over his savage's dress, the strong man caught up an iron bar which he was in the habit of using for digging the holes to pitch the tent poles in, and they both quitted the show, leaving it to take care of itself.

BIRTH OF THE KING OF ALGIERS.



NAPOLEON III. AND EUGENIE.

article of the Imperial statute of the 21st of June, 1853. A formal statement of the birth of the child drawn up.

The Imperial child was then carried to its apartment by the head nurse, accompanied by her sub-nurses, the General commanding the Imperial Guard, and Equerry on duty. This cortege left the bed-chamber, crossed the saloons, and entered the apartment prepared for the child.

In this apartment assembled the persons appointed by the Emperor to wait upon the Imperial child.

The Emperor having returned to his State apartment received the congratulations of the persons assembled in the Empress's apartments.

On the day following the confinement, the Imperial child was privately baptised in the Palace Chapel by the Emperor's First Almoner, in presence of the Princes and Princesses of the Imperial family, the Princes and Princesses of the family of the Emperor hold-

ing rank at Court, the mother of the Empress, the grand officers of the Crown, the Cardinals, Ministers, Marshals, Admirals, President of the Senate, &c.

The Senate and Legislative Body received the information from an officer of the Emperor's household; the birth was announced in the same manner to the municipal authorities of Paris.

The Grand Master of the Ceremonies sent a Master of the Ceremonies to the Ambassadors, and an Assistant of the Ceremonies to the foreign Ministers, to announce the birth of the child.

Such is an epitome of the ceremonies of this "august occasion." Certainly nothing was left undone to make an impression not only upon France, but upon the world. Whatever may be the fortune of its parents, the fate of that child will ever interest mankind.

It has been truthfully remarked that there is small reason for rejoicing at the truth of an imperial infant of France. The unhappy offspring of MARIE ANTOINETTE either died from the harsh treat-

ment of his cruel jailors, or he has been for more than half a century a wanderer among our Northern Indian tribes. The fate of the son of Napoleon the Great was hardly less melancholy, than that of the wretched Louis XVIII.; he died a prisoner, forbidden to hear his father's name. Louis the XVI. whose birth was heralded with all the pomp and circumstance of royalty, perished on the scaffold; his successor, Charles X., an exile, died despised and unpitied in a foreign land; Henry V. was banished from France; Louis Philippe died an exile, and dependent for a grave upon a foreign power; his heir came to a violent end, and the Count de Paris is without a home; the great Napoleon himself was, like Prometheus, chained to a rock, to be destroyed by the fiends of unceasing sorrow. It can hardly be possible that the child of Napoleon III. is reserved for a fate less dreadful than his predecessors—we therefore repeat that his birth is history, his fate will ever interest mankind.

WARD SCHOOL No. 18, FIFTIETH STREET, NEAR LEXINGTON AVENUE.

We take great pleasure in recording the opening of new schools, as every one gives additional security that "our country is safe." On Tuesday, March 25th, the new building just erected in Fiftieth street was dedicated to the purposes of instruction with appropriate exercises. A hymn was sung, composed expressly for the occasion, after which Rev. C. M. Jamison offered up a prayer. Mr. Geo. Beebe, who presided on the occasion, made a few appropriate remarks, and concluded by introducing Mr. Moulton, who gave an interesting history of the rise and progress of ward school No. 18, with a description of the new edifice. From this we learn that its total cost amounts to \$30,724 48, of which \$24,942 26c. were expended on the building alone, the remainder having been paid for the furniture and stores. The lot on which the building is situated is 100 feet square, and the building itself is 41 feet wide, 86 feet deep; the front wings 16 by 26, and the rear extension 15 by 20 feet. It is built in the most substantial manner, furnished with seats and desks of the best material, and comfortably shaped; well lighted, heated and ventilated, abundantly supplied with Croton water, with flagged yard, and speaking tubes on each floor. The whole of each department can, by the use of sliding doors, be divided into class rooms, or converted into one grand reception or assembly room. There is, it is estimated, sufficient accommodation for fifteen hundred pupils. The principal of the male department is Mr. Euphrates Hirst, and the principal of the female, Miss Annie Bannam.



WARD SCHOOL NO. 18, FIFTIETH STREET, NEAR LEXINGTON AVENUE.

DESPATCH OF THE PANAMA RAILROAD.—The steamship Illinois left this port on the 5th of March, with 850 passengers, three hundred bags of United States mail matter, and two hundred tons of express freight, besides passengers' baggage. This whole cargo arrived at and left Aspinwall on the morning of the 13th of March, and was transported from the Atlantic to shipboard on the Pacific in twelve hours, thus enabling the Pacific steamer to proceed on from Panama with New York dates a few hours over eight days old.

CAPTURE OF AN AMERICAN SLAVER.—The American schooner Maria E. Smith has been captured by the Brazilian brig-of-war Olinda, while attempting to land 320 negroes, whom she had brought from the coast of Africa. The Olinda took the schooner into Bahia, where the commander and crew (all American) were ironed and locked up in the jail. When the schooner left the coast of Africa, she had on board 500 blacks, but they were so closely packed on board, totally naked, and so badly fed during the voyage, that 180 died and were thrown overboard, and of those landed at Bahia 64 died a few hours afterwards. The survivors were immediately fed and clothed, and will be taken care of until their ultimate destination is resolved upon. The Maria E. Smith, (or Mary Smith,) was formerly a packet running between Boston and Halifax. She left Boston for the coast of Africa last autumn. Attempts were made to detain her on suspicion of being a slaver, but she ran away from the revenue-cutter after she had been seized by the United States Marshal.

SPRING FASHIONS.

of Frank Leslie's Gazette of Fashions and the Beau Monde for some beautiful trifles, that cannot fail to meet a welcome reception from our numerous lady readers. In justice to the



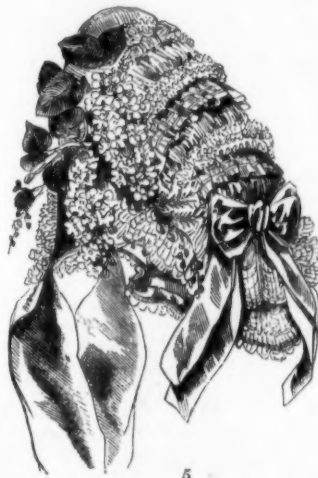
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SPRING FASHIONS.

The lighter texture and beautiful fabrics adopted by the ladies for their dresses, indicate that spring has come, although the weather still continues rather cold and gloomy. The opening of the spring season, on the 20th of March, drew together the largest assemblage of fashionable visitors that we have as yet encountered on these occasions, at the establishments of our leading milliners and dressmakers. The unusual severity of the winter through which we have just passed, rendered the perspective of a more genial season, presented by the articles exhibited, grateful to eyes wearied by the long continued aspect of snow. Although the external atmosphere, as we have already suggested, was but little in harmony with these objects,

and the necessity for them appeared still remote, the curiosity and empressment of novelty hunters appeared to be stimulated to an extraordinary degree. For this the leading establishments seem to have been fully prepared, the impression prevailing generally amongst them that the present season will be one of the busiest and most prosperous ever known. The flourishing condition of the country, the probable conclusion of the European war, and the consequent abundance of money, appear in fact to justify this anticipation.

Desirous of making our paper occasionally a medium of illustrating the latest fashions, and thus disseminate them over the country, we have drawn upon the pages



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authority which we quote, it is no more than right to say, that the Gazette of Fashions is really the only publication



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that gives to the country the latest and most approved styles. Other publications, not only of New York, but of adjoining



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cities, make up their illustrations from plates one year old, while those given in the Gazette are taken by a resident correspondent of Paris, drawn and colored from the articles of



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dress, and on their arrival here they are instantly transferred to the plates, and then sent out to subscribers.

We have selected from the Gazette of Fashions, seven drawings, the first is a mantilla termed "the Clara," which is much admired for its design. The body is of black lace, ornamented by narrow galloon, tufted with plush in two shades of green, and is arranged in rows an inch apart, forming a slight point at the back. The edge of the garment is bordered with a flounce six or eight inches deep, laid on in rich box plaits, and headed by a narrow galloon, trimmed, edged with fringe; the upper part is formed of silk to the depth of three inches, the remainder is plain lace adorned with four rows of galloon, with a row of tufted plush passing through the centre. No. 2 is a promenade dress for a little girl. The material fawn colored silk. No. 3 is a less expensive dress, one that will stand a country ramble. It is made of thick "nankeen" in the form of a loose basque. A pretty decoration of braid trimming surrounds the skirt. No. 4 is a pretty style of dress for a little boy. The saque is formed of plaided glace silk, in two shades of green and white. The opening is ornamented with a pointed strap, adorned with fancy buttons. The sleeves are flowing, and of moderate length, with a square piece taken from the inside of the arm, which is banded across with pointed straps and buttons, and edged with galloon. No. 5, a bonnet designed for early spring; the material is a straw tissue in fine checks of black, brown and white. The



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AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, New York. Doors open at a quarter before seven; to commence at a quarter before eight. Tickets 50 cents. The Wonderful Ravello, Mlle. Robert, Comte Fontaine, Grand Soloist. Every night THE GREEN MONSTER, with Antoine as the White Knight.

BROADWAY THEATRE, E. A. MARSHALL, Sole Lessee. On Monday evening, April 15th, Louis Keller's celebrated *TABLEAUX MYTHOLOGIQUE ET BELLIQUEUX*, from works of Veronese, Murillo, Rubens and Raphael. Appropriation of the Puff and the Press. Brilliant and unequalled success.

WALLACK'S THEATRE. Open every evening. Doors open at 6 1/2; commence at 7 1/2. This evening, Saturday, March 29th, *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*. Mr. Wallack as Shylock.

LAURA KEENE'S VARIETIES.—A Great Bill. Three pieces! First appearance of Mr. G. R. Dickinson, Saturday Evening, April 6th, *A MORNING CALL*. In which Miss Laura Keene and Mr. George Jordan will appear, after which *THE RIDE OF LAMMERMOOR*. Edgar Ravenswood, Mr. G. K. Dickinson; Caleb Balderstone, Mr. Bass; Lucy Ashton, Miss Kate Reynolds. To conclude with *NOVELTY*. On Monday Evening will be presented with new scenery and appointments. A Comedy by the Author of "Masks and Faces," "Still Waters Run Deep," &c., entitled *THE KING'S RIVAL*. To conclude with *NOVELTY*. Supported by Miss Laura Keene, Miss Kate Reynolds, Miss Rosalie Durand, Miss May Wells, Miss Annie Walters, Miss Anne Lee, &c. Messrs. G. Jordan, H. Hall, G. R. Dickinson, T. B. Johnson, Chandler, Wemyss, Howard, McDonald, Trevor, &c.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM. The Management announces with peculiar satisfaction, an engagement for a very limited period with that celebrated wonder, *LITTLE CORDIE*, who will make her first appearance here on Monday evening, April 7th, 1856, as *IDA MAY*; or, *THE KIDNAPED CHILD*, in a new local moral drama written and dramatised expressly for this talented youthful artist. *ALADDIN OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP* will be repeated by special request on Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday afternoons.

THE WOOD AND MARSH JUVENILE COMEDIANS. The greatest novelty of the age. Perform every evening at the BROADWAY VARIETIES, 472 Broadway. Tickets Twenty-five cents.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.—The Great American Artist, MISS KIMBERLY, will give RECITATION of Longfellow's Romantic Indian Legendary Poem, *HIAWATHA*, in Hope Chapel, opposite New York Hotel, on MONDAY EVENING, April 7th. Tickets, Fifty cents; to be had at Hall's and Jolly's Music Store, Broadway. Doors open at 7; Recitation will commence at 8 o'clock.

FOURTH GRAND SACRED CONCERT, SUNDAY EVENING, April 6th, at the CITY ASSEMBLY-ROOMS.

NEW BOOKS.

A NEW IRISH BOOK.—Will be ready this day, April 5, in 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1. '78 and '48: *THE MODERN REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF IRELAND*. By JOHN KAYE. There is no one work which gives the spirit of the memorable periods, to illustrate which, the author has devoted the present volume. It contains vivid and carefully collected descriptions of the principal battles of the United Irishmen of '98, and a clear statement of the circumstances which led to the difference between "Old Ireland" and "Young Ireland," the line of national policy adopted by the latter, with biographical notices and mention of the following (with other persons):

James Hope, Arthur O'Connor, Samuel Neilson, Hamilton Rowan, Dr. Wm. Connelley, Thomas Russell, Henry J. McCracken, Henry Monroe, William Aylmer, Basil Harvey, Edward Roche, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Dr. Esmond, John Murphy, Michael Murphy, Philip Roche, Denis Taaffe, Baron Plunket, Daniel O'Connell, Thomas Davis, William Smith O'Brien, John Mitchell, Robert Holmes, Richard Lalor Sheil, Thomas Francis Meagher, Thomas Devin Reilly, Tom Steele, John O'Connell, Kevin F. O'Doherty, R. D. Williams, John E. Dillon, P. O'Donoghue.

THE ONLY RELIABLE MEDIUM OF FASHION. THE GAZETTE OF FASHIONS AND BEAUTY. No. 4, Vol. 5, contains two splendid colored plates, double the size of any fashion plate issued in this country or Europe; also the following beautiful engravings, viz.:

1 Figures with walking dresses and night robes, with head-dresses bonnets, &c.
22 Engravings of the newest styles of bonnets, 12 beautifully colored and 10 plain.
2 Engravings of dress caps.
1 Engraving of head-dresses.
1 Engraving of a riding hat.
6 Figures with walking dresses.
6 Engravings of mantillas.
1 Engraving of a cape.
1 Engraving of a blouse.
2 Engravings of boys' dresses.
3 Engravings of girls' ditto.
1 Engraving of a chemise.
1 Engraving of a wide-bone seamless skirt.
1 Engraving of the latest style of parasol.
4 Engravings of gentlemen's costume for spring wear.
11 Engravings of the richest and newest styles of ribbons.
1 Engraving of rich fancy buttons.
1 Engraving of a watch-pocket in crocheted.
1 Engraving of an embroidered reticule for a bride.
1 Engraving of a gentleman's cravat in netting.
1 Engraving of a square for a coat.
1 Engraving of a carriage bag.
1 Engraving of a rose pattern antimacassar.
1 Engraving of an antimacassar.
1 Engraving of a napkin ring.
1 Large engraving of a handkerchief border.
1 Engraving of a working plan of veil.
1 Engraving of a knitted shawl veil.

and instructions for the following articles: Gentleman's cravat in netting. Embroidered Reticule for Bride. Carriage Bag in Berlin Work. Napkin Ring. Antimacassar, darned in colors. Antimacassar. A Handkerchief in Colored Embroidery. Knitted Shawl Veil and a Handkerchief Border. A Song "Friends Far Away" composed by Henry C. Watson.

Amongst the literary articles will be found our Monthly Review of Fashion and the Industrious Arts, containing a critical review of the new goods at our leading fashionable stores. Fashion and the Beau Monde. An epitome of the Fashionable Intelligence. Music and Drama. A Review of Theatrical and Musical matters during the month. Fine Arts in the Interior. Collections of an Easy Man. Decision of Character. Wit and Kindness. Forgiveness. Exercise for Ladies. The Newspaper. The Importance of Words. Turning Points. Literature. Frugality. Freshwatering. Little Feet. Childhood. Cultivation. The Fisherman of Scarborough. A Tale. A Moustache Story. The Toilet Table. Instructions for Beautifying the Hands. Problems in Chess. Reviews of New Books. Parlor Amusements, and a variety of other miscellaneous matter.

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GOLD MEDAL. The only gold medal awarded for colored PHOTOGRAPHS at the last Fair of the American Institute, was to Root, No. 263 Broadway. Daguerotypes copied from miniature to life size.

NEW YORK JOURNAL OF ROMANCE, GENERAL LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART. An Illustrated Magazine. Price 10¢ cents. Containing 64 large quarto pages of beautiful engravings and highly entertaining reading.

CONTENTS OF NO. 17, VOL. VI, FOR APRIL, 1856.

The commencement of a thrilling Romance, entitled, "LEILA: OR, THE STAR OF MINGRELLA." By G. W. M. Reynolds.

The Invention of Clocks—Kell, Illustrated—Love at First Sight—A Fatal Complication—Improvement in the Manufacture of Cheese—A Literary Blow-up.

Population of the Principal Cities in Russia—Presumption—The Trial Railway Illustrated by Balan's Railway Model at Woolwich.

A Race for an Heiress, a tale—A Russian Husband's Revenge—The Rag Market of Paris.

All Difficulties to be Overcome—The German Students "Compliments"—The Soldier of Fortune (concluded), Illustrated—Frost in the Window—The Cossacks of the Don—Russian Spies—Progress of Society—Something about the Turkish-Spanish Names—Sketches in Nepal, Illustrated—Woman on the Opinion of the World.

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LEILA.

OR THE STAR OF MINGRELLA.

CHAPTER II.

THE scene which we are about to relate, occurred three or four days after the incidents described in the preceding chapter.

Soon after sunrise six men—who, by the condition of their horses, had evidently been travelling for some hours during the night—halted in the shade of a copse near the road leading from Kars to Tiflis. The spot was within the Georgian frontier, some forty miles distant from Tiflis itself. It was one of the most delicious of mornings, in a climate where for three-parts of the year the weather is always delicious. The birds were singing in the trees; the swans were proudly floating upon the streams; and the flowers gave forth their fragrance to the atmosphere; and the sunbeams played upon the deep, the rich, or the glowing hues of grapes, citrons, and pomegranates, as if gems in countless numbers and of vast magnitude formed the fruitage of every bough. There was not so much as a single fleecy speck of vapor to be seen upon the canopy of heaven; but its arch was one unbroken uniformity of clearest azure, save where the sun, shining like brightest gold, diffused its sheen around until it imperceptibly mingled with that light cerulean tint.

The six men who sought the copse, belonged to that band to which we introduced the reader in the opening chapter. They were now dressed and armed as we then described them,—with the difference that on this occasion they had their rifles conveniently slung at their backs.

"This is that spot," said one who appeared to be the leader of the little party; "and according to the information which we have received, our adventure will be accomplished within the hour that is passing. Come! let us lead our horses into the copse, and afford them all the remaining leisure for banqueting upon this rich grass."

"And those special instructions to which you are now alluding, Khazi?" said one of the men in a tone of inquiry.

"They are brief, yet imperative," responded Khazi,—"imperative as all the mandates of our chieftain are."

"And ambiguous too, perhaps?" added another Guerilla.

"Yes—ambiguous," returned Khazi; "for not even to me has our Chief, the great and terrible Kyri Karaman, made known his views or his ulterior intentions. 'Tis however to be surmised that the expedition on which he himself set forth at the same time that he despatched us upon our present mission, bears reference to some information given or to some project suggested by the youth Tunar."

"And who is that youth Tunar?" inquired another of the Guerillas, "who has on three or four occasions visited our Chief of late?"

"I know no more of him," answered Khazi, "than that he belongs to the household of a wealthy citizen of Tiflis. But while we are waiting our time in idle gossip, my lips ought to be employed in communicating the instructions issued by Kyri Karaman. Listen! We are six in number; and it is known there will be but three with whom we shall have to deal. These three consist of a young Osmanli gentleman of rank and his two attendants. Doubtless they will be well armed and well mounted, while their bravery may be reckoned upon. Yet is it for us to take them all three prisoners, if possible—and to avoid the spilling of blood."

"Which will be a difficult matter," interjected one of the subordinate Guerillas, "if fire-arms should be used."

"It is precisely against this extreme alternative that I am now about to counsel you," continued Khazi. "The feat will be all the more glorious, and our chieftain's mandates will be all the more completely fulfilled, if those three Turks be taken as living prisoners to our fastnesses in the mountains. Therefore, my men, in self-defence only, and in case of the extremest need, are your pistols and rifles to be handled. Such are the orders of Kyri Karaman."

"It were strange," said a Guerilla, "if half-a-dozen stalwart mountaineers such as we are, were not capable of capturing three Osmanlis almost in the twinkling of an eye."

Khazi proceeded to examine the road along which the travellers who were to be waylaid were expected to pass; and he selected for the theatre of the contemplated exploit a place where the copse itself joined and even overshadowed the winding route. Into the immediate neighborhood thereof the horses were conducted; and the animals were suffered to feast upon the rich grass,—each Guerilla, however, being in readiness to mount at a moment's warning.

Nearly an hour elapsed; and at the expiration of that interval three travellers were discerned advancing from a distance. By the red caps and the flowing purple tassels which they wore—as well as by their number, the direction in which they were journeying, and the time at which they thus made their appearance—the Guerillas had no doubt they constituted the party for whom they were on the watch. One of the three horsemen rode a little in advance of the other two; and the sunbeams were reflected by the gold lacing which covered the breast of his closely buttoned frock-coat, as well as by the gilt sheath of his sabre and the rich trappings of his steed. There could consequently be no doubt that this was the young Osmanli gentleman of rank, who, attended by his two followers, was journeying from Kars to Tiflis. As the unsuspecting travellers drew nearer, the concealed Guerillas could not but that the foremost was indeed young, and that he was exceedingly handsome; while both his dependants were somewhat past the prime of life.

On a sign given by Khazi, the Guerillas all mounted their steeds amidst the trees; and they stood upon the very verge of the copse, ready at the next signal to dash through the clustering vines forming the screen foliage which effectually concealed them from the view of the approaching Osmanli travellers. And that second signal was now quickly given. All in a moment there was a rush as if a herd of deer or a number of wild beasts were breaking through the barrier of foliage and of fruitage; and while a couple of the Guerillas rushed at the young Aladyn—for we may as well at once designate the young Osmanli gentleman by his name—the other four surrounded the two followers.

But quickly as the movement itself was executed, so quickly flashed the sabres of the three Turks from their sheaths; while the left hand of each drew forth a pistol from its holster. The exploit was not, therefore, attended by the success which the Guerillas had anticipated; and they instantaneously found themselves engaged in a conflict. Khazi and another mountaineer had sprung at Aladyn whose sabre swept round to deal a blow at once, while his pistol struck down the other a corpse from his steed. Khazi dexterously avoided the blow which was aimed at him; and with his own weapon in one hand, he stretched out the other to tear the young Turk from his horse. But Aladyn had as complete a mastery of his steed as his mountaineer opponent; and reining back the animal he compelled Khazi to defend himself. The combat was thus continued for a few minutes, until Khazi suddenly disappeared from the back of his horse; and yet the blow which Aladyn had at the instant dealt him was scarcely one that seemed so effective as to produce such a catastrophe. A suspicion that it was a mere stratagem on the Guerilla's part, therefore dashed through Aladyn's brain; and instead of springing from his own steed to seize upon his fallen foe, he paused for a moment to examine the present circumstances of the strife.

It was indeed a mere ruse on Khazi's part. He had practised one of the feats in which the mountaineers of the Caucasus excel, by throwing himself under the belly of his steed, with a hand however upon the mane and a foot still in the stirrup, so that in the twinkling of an eye he could have raised himself up again into the saddle. His design was to induce Aladyn to dismount—in which case the wily Guerilla would have sprung upon him like a tiger and by superior brute force would have accomplished his design of capturing him alive.

A glance convinced Aladyn of the justice of his suspicion in respect to the good faith of his opponent; and seizing the remaining pistol from the holster, he in a moment perceived it at Khazi's head, calling upon him to surrender. Meanwhile several shots had been fired between the belli-

gerent parties behind; and now two of the Guerillas came galloping past, exclaiming to Khazi "Save yourself!"

Quick as the lightning flash Khazi's steed bounded away, while the bullet from the young Turk's pistol whistled past the ear of the discomfited and flying Guerilla. At a distance of about a hundred yards Khazi stopped; and as he wheeled round his steed, he unsling the rifle from his back. But Aladyn's keen eye had caught the movement; and knowing how skillful marksmen were the Georgian mountaineers, he did not choose to become a target for the bullet of his late foe. He therefore spurred his steed towards the thicket of the copse; and the proceeding saved his life—for the rifle bullet whistled close behind him as he thus turned away. Khazi saw enough to convince him that the enterprise had completely failed; and again, wheeling round his steed, he galloped off.

Aladyn had already at a glance perceived how it had fared with his own followers and the four Guerillas who had attacked them: but he had now leisure to examine more minutely into the results of the conflict. The reader will recollect that there were six Guerillas in all—two of whom had attacked the young Turk himself. Of these two, one lay dead; and the other (Khazi) had fled. Of the four who had assailed Aladyn's followers, two were stretched corpses upon the ground, each shot through the heart; and the other two, being severely wounded—one with his sword-arm disabled by a sabre-blow, and the other with a collar-bone shattered—had taken to flight in the manner already described. Aladyn's dependants had thus borne themselves as valiantly as the master; and with the exception of a slight wound received from a sword by one of them in the fleshy part of the left arm, they had as much reason to congratulate themselves as their young master upon the result of the conflict.

The horses of the three Guerillas who were slain, had galloped away from the spot, and were no longer to be seen. Aladyn and his followers removed the three corpses from the middle of the road into the shade of the embowering vines; and they then continued their way,—naturally entertaining the belief that their recent assailants were merely a gang of brigands, without any ulterior view, beyond that of plunder, for the attack which they had made and in which they were so completely worsted.

"Nevertheless," said Aladyn, "it certainly strikes me as being strange that those villains did not in the first instance fire at us from the copse, instead of rushing out to dare us to the battle. Had they adopted the former alternative, ill might it have fared with us; for there can be no doubt in reference to the skill of these mountaineer marksmen."

"But perhaps, your Excellency," said the elder of the two followers—a stout, strong-built Ottoman, with a thick grizzled beard, and a countenance in which courage, firmness, and benevolence were blended as the characteristics of his race—"perhaps, your Excellency, it was the main object of those brigands to take us prisoners, not merely in the hope of plundering us of all that we might have about our persons, but likewise of conveying us to one of their fastnesses until by suitable ransoms we should be delivered."

"The surmise is a good one my trusty Ibrahim," responded Aladyn; "and if such were the calculations of the desperadoes, they are indebted to it for their defeat, and we for our victory. For by abstaining in the first instance from the use of their fire-arms, and by coming to close quarters, they put Georgian against Osmanli prowess to the test."

"And yet, your Excellency," remarked Hafiz, the junior of the two followers, "the couple of villains who took to flight first of all, had recourse to their pistols when they found it was going hard with them; and were it not for the docility of my good steed—which wheels, retreats, or advances at a word as well as a touch—it would have fared but badly with your Excellency's faithful servant who is now speaking."

"And I also can testify," added Ibrahim, "that a bullet whistled so close to my ear, that it seemed like a current of air passing. However, Allah, he thanked! the victory is our own; and with the exception of the scratch which Hafiz has received in his arm, we have come off with impunity that is truly marvellous."

While thus conversing, Aladyn and his two followers continued their way—the young gentleman now keeping more closely to his attendants, and all three taking the precaution to reload their weapons, so as to be upon their guard against another attack, if such were meditated or should take place.

"Has it not occurred to your Excellency," asked Ibrahim, after a pause, "that our assailants may have belonged to the band of that Chief, who, half-Guerilla, half-robber, has for some little while past been a terror alike to the Russians and the inhabitants of certain districts of Georgia?"

"You allude to Kyri Karaman?" answered Aladyn. "It is true that singular tales relative to such a personage have travelled even across the frontier and reached the ears of us dwellers at Kars; but to tell the truth, I had always treated them as mere idle rumors, and Kyri Karaman himself as a myth—a phantom of the imagination."

"Kyri Karaman may be a myth, your Excellency," observed Ibrahim; "but our experience within the past a has taught us that there are veritably armed and banished robbers in Georgia, notwithstanding the assurances to your Excellency that you might travel in all security with very small escort."

"It was from the lips of a certain Georgian youth that I received those assurances," replied Aladyn—"indeed the very youth who brought me the message which induced me to undertake the present journey. Doubtless he spoke that which he honestly believed; and as I was moreover bidden to travel under circumstances which should as much as possible avoid attracting notices or exciting curiosity.—But, Al! there is a hamlet ahead! Let us speed forward and give due notice to the authorities of all that has occurred; so that they may take their own measures for the removal of the corpses which we have left by the roadside."

The hamlet was reached, and the communication was duly made to the Georgian Elder of the place. This functionary was evidently much surprised that such an outrage should have occurred at so great a distance from those regions, which bordered upon the Caucasus, and which were more especially pointed at as the theatre of the exploits of Kyri Karaman. But he was still more amazed to learn that the three Osmanlis should have so completely vanquished six stalwart Guerillas; and he even seemed incredulous, until they assured him that the bodies of the trio of slain desperadoes would be found by the roadside.

Having thus discharged his duty to the Georgian authorities, and having halted for a brief space at the inn of the hamlet, Aladyn pursued his way, attended by his two faithful followers. These followers were not mere menials, as the reader may have perhaps supposed; but they were gentlemen—for Aladyn was of Bey's rank, as his title of "Excellency" indicated.

And here, while he is continuing his journey, attended by Ibrahim and Hafiz, we may avail ourselves of the opportunity to say a few more words in respect to his personal description. That he was exceedingly handsome has been already stated. He had dark hair and eyes; and a glossy moustache, finely pencilled and curled at the points, crowned his lip; his nose was slightly aquiline; but this as well as all his other features, was somewhat delicately formed. His complexion was not tinged with that swarthy tinge which characterizes many of the oriental races; indeed it would have been fair

recognition, and promise to be a faithful Shepherd over you, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." After the Rector had pronounced a short Collect and the Lord's Prayer, the Bishop received him within the rails of the altar, and presented him the Bible, Book of Common Prayer, and Books of Canons of the General and Diocesan Conventions, saying,—"Receive these Books and let them be the rule of thy conduct in dispensing the Divine Word, in leading the Devotions of the People, and in exercising the discipline of the church: and be thou in all things a pattern to the flock committed to thy care."

EDITORIAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. II.

THOMAS RITCHIE.

We deem it necessary to make our gallery of distinguished American editors complete, to include Mr. Ritchie, who was while living one of



EDITORIAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 2.—THOMAS RITCHIE.
AMBIOTYPED BY BRADY.

the most remarkable men in his profession, and who wielded in his native State a more decided influence than was ever obtained by any other person, and more decided probably than was ever obtained by any other public man in any State of our Confederacy. Mr. Ritchie was born in Tappahannock, Essex Co., Virginia, on the 5th of November, 1778. At the age of twenty-one, possessing a liberal education, he determined to devote himself to the instruction of youth, and for this purpose took charge of an academy in the town of Fredericksburg. With a fair prospect of success he devoted himself to his new occupation, with that animation and energy which characterized his subsequent career. Finding his health declining, he finally relinquished with regret his chosen avocation, and remov-



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ing to Richmond about the year 1803; in accordance with his literary tastes, he opened a book store. About this period the "Examiner" was the leading Democratic paper of Richmond; the editor's health demanding a change in the management of the paper, Mr. Ritchie naturally saw that he had before him his true field; securing the assistance of Mr. Worsley the business man of the Examiner which had now ceased to exist, on the 9th of May, 1804, the first number of the *Richmond Enquirer* was published to the world; before a year elapsed Mr. Ritchie became sole proprietor, and his paper had already assumed a place that gave promise of the eminence it finally attained. Mr. Ritchie was not only eminently brave with his pen, but in time of need he was willing to draw his sword in defence of his country. His history would really be an epitome while he lived of the Democratic party, of which he was the leading champion. He sustained most of the great measures which characterized the administrations of Madison and Monroe. Throughout the administration of Mr. Adams he waged incessant war against all his acts. He gave Gen. Jackson, the second time he ran for the Presidency, his enthusiastic support, and stood by the old hero throughout his occupation of the Presidential chair.

Mr. Ritchie was a model of industry as well as perseverance. With an attenuated frame, thin and wan, and apparently wasted to a shadow, he could undergo immense mental exertion and bodily fatigue, and although his dress was such as would throw ordinary mortals into a consumption, he was rarely troubled with a cold. Much of his intense labor he performed after others had retired to

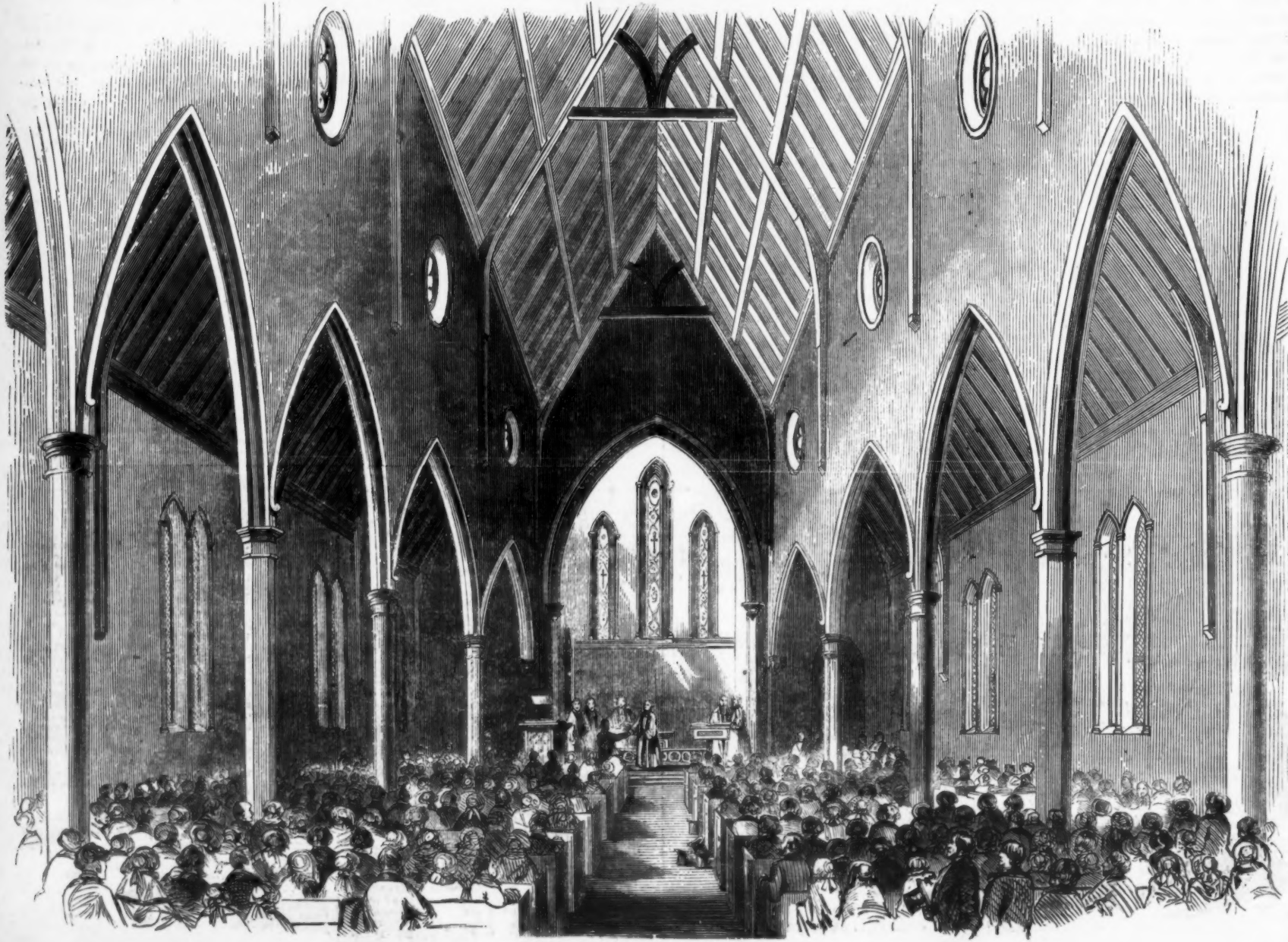
rest. He generally (if much engaged) would continue his labors until two or three o'clock in the morning, and, after comparatively little repose, would rise in the morning fresh and vigorous, as if insensible to fatigue.

In 1845, at the earnest desire of Mr. Polk, Mr. Ritchie became the editor of the administration paper at Washington, and in connection with Maj. Heiss purchased the *Globe*, and established the *Union* newspaper. In speaking of the change, he says: "I leave the old *Enquirer* with feelings similar to those with which the veteran soldier surrenders his arms; but I have the consolation of reflecting that I not only leave my political associates in the proud possession of the battle-field, but that I transfer my sword to my sons. I give it to them to defend the post which their father has attempted to guard for the last forty-one years—to maintain the principles and uphold the character of Virginia." Mr. Ritchie con-



THE REV. JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, M.A., RECTOR OF "THE HOUSE OF PRAYER," NEWARK, N. J.
FROM AN AMBIOTYPE BY BRADY.

tinued the editor of the *Union* until the election of Mr. Pierce. He then yielded to the solicitations of his friends, and returned to Richmond to enjoy the sweets of quiet domestic life. In this newly acquired leisure he amused himself in revising his classical studies, and consulting the pages of Holy Writ. Old as he was, he read the smallest print without the use of glasses; yet it soon became manifest that he was wearing away. In his illness, which resulted in death, he was calm and resigned to the will of Providence. On the 3d of July, 1853, he sank into repose to wake no more on earth. Thus lived and died the white haired Nestor of the American press; a man, to use his own language, "who never turned his back upon his country—who was always devoted to his friends, and never dreaded his enemies."



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF PRAYER, NEWARK, N. J. "INSTITUTION CEREMONY." (SEE PAGE 268.)